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DRIFTING.

BY L. F. D.

Drifting, drifting far out to sea,
A vessel abandoned by captain and crew;
Storm-tossed—a plaything of wind and of wave,
Wearily ploughing the wild waters through,

Drifting, drifting, battered and worn,
Helplessly carried by wind and by tide,
Days, weeks and months, perhaps even years,
Borne over and over the waters wide.

Drifting, o'er drifting, may'hap a kind fate,
Will steer her away from a rock bound shore,
And gently, tendering lay her to rest
Where buffeting billows can reach her no more.

So, out on the sin troubled ocean of life
A soul goes drifting away in the gloom
Hopeless—forsaken—an alien from God,
Steadily drifting away toward doom.

But though there's a beacon light not far away,
And a boat putting off from the shore—
Yet carelessly, recklessly onwards he drifts
Into the midnight of death evermore.

FOR LOVE OF GOLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER IIII.—(CONTINUED.)

SHE obeys me implicitly, resting her head wearily upon the pillow I have provided. Then she fixes her large distraught blue eyes on me with an intensity that is painful to meet.

Around us in the wood not a sound is to be heard; even the birds have ceased from singing, and the light warm breeze that stirred the leaves a little while ago has died quite away.

By slow degrees the anxious fixity of my companion's gaze relaxes; and then an expression of drowsiness, a drooping of the reddened heavy eyelids, foretells slumber.

The clasp of her hot dry hand on mine slackens. Soothed by kindly contact and sympathy, the poor harrassed demented creature soon drops into a profound sleep.

The situation is anything but an agreeable one for me. I have really neither time nor inclination to devote to Mrs. Aylmer's cure; and indeed the prospect of being in any way mixed up or connected with the affairs of the tenants of the Priory is more than distasteful.

If the unfortunate fancy she seems to have developed for my society should increase, it must be nipped in the bud at once; and, as I sit watching the invalid's drawn pallid face, peacefully upturned to the blue sky and green leaves above our heads, and so motionless in its repose that it might almost be mistaken for death itself, a strong inclination seizes me to withdraw my hand while she still sleeps and steals away.

But then there is my jacket! It would be impossible for me to possess myself of that without rousing Mrs. Aylmer, and if I leave it behind me I shall either lose it—which, as it happens to be new, is not to be thought of—or, worse still, it will be returned by Mr. Aylmer himself, who will certainly take advantage of the excuse for paying a visit to our house. I decide to let the invalid sleep undisturbed for a little while longer, and then to wake her up gently.

I have only just arrived at this determ[illegible] when a large fly settles teasingly upon her drawn and shrunken cheek, to which it turns twice or thrice in spite of the cautious flicking of a horse-chestnut leaf by me.

The disturbance, slight as it is, proves sufficient to restore my companion partially to consciousness; she stirs uneasily, moans, puts her hand to her head, her eyelids flicker, and a line of white appears for a second or two between the upper and lower eyelashes.

"Don't—oh, don't!" she gasps feebly "I don't want to wake yet. I can remember when I am asleep, but never when I am awake—nev er——"

The words end in another moan, more piteous than the last.

It is dreadful to see a fellow-creature in such sore distress! And probably the cause is only trivial. Bending with extreme caution over her, I put my lips to her ear.

"What is it that you want so much to remember?" I whispered softly. "Tell me, and perhaps I can help you."

She struggles slightly, as if awakening from a painful dream.

"I can't—I can't!"

"Try!"

She struggles almost convulsively, then, with sudden vigor, raises herself into a sitting posture, her eyes still remaining closed, save for the line of white.

"What do you want to remember?" she asks, echoing the question I have just asked her. "Why—it, to be sure! Where he put it! The money—my father's—Peter Marlowe's money, that was lost—was—lost——"

The trees and bushes, with my companion's gray-clad figure in their midst, appear suddenly to be all whirling around me in the strangest manner imaginable, and a heavy sledge hammer is surely beating in the top of my head as I snatch out my pocket handkerchief and wipe away the cold moisture that has gathered on my forehead and around my lips.

With all my might I struggle to regain my self-command, and not an instant too soon, for her last effort has thoroughly roused Mrs. Aylmer, and she wakes in a paroxysm of hysterical sobbing, clinging to me so that her weight nearly drags me to the ground, and fighting wildly with some imaginary terror that has assailed her in her sleep.

"Where am I? I want to go home. Take me home!" she wails piteously. "Robert would be so angry if he knew I had seen you. Let me get home before he comes back!"

She scrambles to her feet with an energy of which I should hardly have deemed her capable, and breaks away from my restraining hold, trying in her frantic haste to rush in the direction opposite to that which she ought to take—the direction which must inevitably bring her out in a few minutes on to the high road.

In vain I try to hold her back; feeble as she looks, her strength becomes positively maniacal; and she has just succeeded in shaking off my grasp when a rustling in the bushes close to us causes us both to pause and start violently. It is Ali, the colored boy, who bursts through the bushes with a loud cry, and, without further ceremony, seizes Mrs. Aylmer roughly by the arm.

"Mem sahib must back at once, at once!" he exclaims peremptorily. "Massa sahib give Ali plenty stick if Mem sahib not there when he come home! Now! Quick, quick!"

Ignoring my presence entirely, he takes his unresisting mistress by the hand, and hurries her forward towards a narrow woodland path leading, as I know well, straight into the Priory grounds.

At any other time the grotesque appearance of the oddly matched pair as they disappear hand in hand among the trees would have provoked my risible propensities irresistibly; but I am in no mood for laughing just now, and, only to be thankful to have got rid of the unfortunate Mrs. Aylmer so easily, I snatch up my discarded hat and jacket, and, without even waiting to watch her and her escort out of sight, set off on my way home with all possible speed.

CHAPTER V.

"WELL, good-bye, Hessie, old girl! Keep up your spirits, I must say it's an awful pity you can't come with us! Take care of yourselves? Bless you, yes! I'll see after the cubs, and bring you home the pieces safely. Take that as a promise. Look sharp, all of you! Get into the carriage—quick! We're late as it is!"

"Oh, Tom, wait! I haven't got my shoes. Yes, I have! The Tiger is sitting on them."

"Hester—I say!" cries the voluble "Tiger." "Mr. Aylmer has hired a dog-cart from the 'Red Lion,' and he's going to drive Miss Amanda Grey over to Fairacre. I saw her at the Rectory gate, waiting for him, as I came past a little while ago. She had a hat as big as the roof of the coach house, all made of——"

"Here, shove along, Tiger! If you don't get in, and hold your jaw, I'll drive off without you!"

I am standing on the steps of the front door, watching the whole of my family, with the exception of father, performing the almost impossible feat of cramming themselves into our pony-carriage. There are five of them, and the carriage was originally designed to carry two; but long practice has enabled them to accomplish the wonderful act in a surprisingly clever manner.

Tom drives, Gerald sits beside him, and Ruth squeezes herself in between them, the "Tiger" and Rosie sitting, Turkish fashion, at their feet.

It is fortunate the springs of the old basket cart are strong. As for Winks, the fat pony, he would not object to draw the whole Gay family, provided he were allowed to go at his own pace.

Nothing ever rouses Winks into moving faster than his accustomed leisurely jog-trot, and not an inch will he travel up the merest apology for a hill until every one has turned out of the vehicle. Consequently progress is slow; but that does not matter.

Fairacre is only four miles off, and Sir Gregory Diggle's picnic tea comes but once a year. It is a regular institution in the neighborhood of Combe Royal, and is looked forward to long before the invitations are sent out, as they always are, about the first week of July. Sir Gregory is not a liberal man, but he is ostentatious. He likes to "do the thing handsomely," for the sake of what people will say about it afterwards.

The place generally chosen is Fairacre woods, chiefly because there is a large disused barn in a field close by, belonging to Lord Fairford, and this is turned into a ball room for the occasion, being gaily decorated with flags and evergreens, by Sir Gregory's orders.

The band is hired from Bishopsthorpe. Ices, with champagne and claret cup, are handed round during the dancing, which goes on from seven o'clock till ten. The entertainment commences with a sumptuous tea, laid out upon the grass by the well trained servants from Diggiesmere.

On the whole the party is not one to be despised, the more so because its unconventional character embraces all ages and affords as much enjoyment to the children invited as to their elders.

On the present occasion, however, there is no participation in the Fairacre festivities for me, although I have been waiting with feverish anxiety for the appearance of the invitations, trusting the affair might afford me an opportunity for another interview with poor Mrs. Aylmer, whom I have never seen since my chance meeting with her in the Priory woods, now nearly a fortnight ago.

Sleep and appetite have alike been almost strangers to me from the moment we parted. It is fortunate indeed that father has chosen the end of June and part of July as the time for his well-earned annual holiday, which he always spends in the North of England, with some old friends. If he were here, my pale cheeks, heavy eyes, and languid gestures would never escape his notice.

One absorbing idea occupies my mind almost to the exclusion of every other topic. I feel convinced that the unfortunate invalid lady at present domiciled at the Priory is no other than the ill-fated and weak minded Rachel Marlowe, Philip's long-sought aunt, and that the specious and oily-tongued villain known amongst Combe Royal folk as Mr. Hastings Aylmer is the man who lured her from her home, and that he has now hazarded the inconceivably bold stroke of bringing his victim once more among the scenes of her girlhood, on the chance of her being able to discover old Marlowe's missing money.

Should his scheme be successful, he will certainly decamp with all that is found, thus defrauding poor Philip Marlowe, who will, in that case, have no chance of ever obtaining his rightful share of his grandfather's money.

From the instant this idea dawned upon me I have known absolutely no peace. The dread that the memory she has lost may suddenly return to the half-witted Mrs. Aylmer haunts me night and day.

Judging by what she let drop in her wandering conversation, there can be no doubt that extreme pressure is being put upon her to recall the hiding place chosen by her father for the concealment of his wealth.

If, in a lucid interval, recollection should return to her, there would be nothing to prevent Mr. Hastings Aylmer from appropriating the whole of the treasure without any one but himself knowing anything about it, and snapping his fingers at us all afterwards.

I have not confided my secret to my father, because I have as yet but little to go upon—merely the disjointed speech of a mentally affected invalid, uttered at the moment when she was rousing herself from an uneasy slumber.

If her words were repeated to father he would be sure to say that they were merely the imaginings of a nervous hysterical woman, due to Mrs. Aylmer's having heard so much about old Marlowe's money since she came to reside at the Priory; and, if he took any action at all, it would most likely be to seek a personal interview with the invalid, giving as his reason for doing so the statement I had made to him.

This probability reminds me of my promise to Mr. Aylmer that I would keep the circumstances of my one visit to the Priory strictly to myself, and make no mention of Mrs. Aylmer's condition to nobody.

Besides, there is Philip to be considered. If the whole affair should turn out a myth, and Mrs. Aylmer proved to be no more his aunt than the Pope of Rome, he might think, as matters stand between us now, that I was taking a liberty in raising such a question between his tenant and himself, or even that I had taken up the mat-

ter merely to show him that I was still interested in him and his fortunes, and ready to forgive his coolness if he would return to his allegiance once more.

I believe that, if I were to find old Marlowe's money bags at this moment, the thought of the possibility I have just mentioned would cause me to throw them into the nearest horse-pond sooner than give them to him.

After much deliberation, I have decided to keep my supposed discovery to myself, at any rate until I have something more definite to communicate, or, at least, until I have contrived to obtain another interview with poor Mrs. Aylmer.

Of course in the interim I torment myself ceaselessly with the idea that while I am keeping silence the money will be found and made away with by Mr. Hastings Aylmer.

A dozen times a day my heart is in my mouth from some trivial cause or other. Whenever the children rush up to me with some piece of local news or village gossip I can feel myself change color. The boys' voices in the hall, when they return from school, cause me to tremble in every limb.

Every instant I expect to hear that the truth has come out, that some magic denouement of the Priory mystery is at hand. Night after night I toss restlessly upon my pillow, falling asleep only to awake with the dreadful idea that I have found old Marlowe's money and, that Mr. Hastings Aylmer is trying to wrest it from my grasp.

The summer days and nights slip by however, and all goes on as usual. Of Mrs. Aylmer I neither hear nor see anything; the neighborhood seems quite satisfied to regard her as a nonentity.

Meanwhile Mr. Aylmer is becoming quite popular. He dines at Digglesmere, he dines at Lord Fairford's, and most assuredly he would dine with us also were it not that father's absence exempts us from the obligation of entertaining gentleman visitors.

He has even taken tea at the Rectory, and handed round buns at a mothers' meeting afterwards. I contrived to excuse myself from attending this meeting on learning from Miss Amanda Grey that Mr. Aylmer was to be present.

Then at last the date of the Fairacre picnic was fixed, and the invitations were issued; indeed, I assisted poor timid Lady Diggle to write and despatch them.

The Aylmers were included, of course. Their answer contained, as I expected, an excuse for Mrs. Aylmer and an effusive acceptance on the part of her lord and master, written in a stiff contracted hand.

My opportunity has arrived at last. Unless something occurs to prevent Mr. Hastings Aylmer from joining in the Fairacre picnic, I have the prospect of three or four hours at least, when the coast at the Priory will be clear and I can probably contrive another interview with Mr. Aylmer's unfortunate wife. It will go hard with me if I do not make the most of my opportunity, and learn a good deal more of the unhappy woman that I know at present.

During the last few days I have been a prey to the most tormenting anxiety lest the fine weather should break up and cause the postponement of the party, thus frustrating my all-absorbing scheme.

It is true I am not prepared with the particular plan of action, my ideas of what I shall do when I arrive at the Priory and even accomplish a meeting with Mrs. Aylmer being vague in the extreme; still, I am buoyed up with a Micawber-like conviction that when the time arrives something will turn up.

Full of suppressed excitement, I have gone through the farce of preparing the dress I never mean to wear for the picnic, fearful that my sharp-eyed brothers and sisters might detect my intention of excusing myself at the last moment from joining it.

Last night I passed entirely awake, rising half a dozen times to look out from behind the closed venetian blinds at the still unclouded beauty of the summer night; but all my fears proved groundless.

Morning dawned glorious, cloudless as ever: it would be a perfect day. Even by nine o'clock it was hot enough to account for the bad headache of which I complained at breakfast, and which forced me later on to write a note of polite excuse for my non-appearance at the Fairacre picnic, which note I have entrusted to Tom to hand to Lady Diggle.

At last—at last they are all off, and I am free!

It is just a quarter to five o'clock when I run up to my room, put on my hat, and slip quietly down again and across the garden, then through the door in the wall that takes me by a short cut across the fields, past the church, and to the Priory gates.

To make assurance doubly sure, I have waited in the dining-room window, screened by the lace curtains, until the dog-cart driven by Mr. Hastings Aylmer, with Miss Amanda Grey for a companion, has passed.

Five minutes after our carriage, with its goodly freight, disappeared they came in sight, Miss Amanda in an enormous Duchess of Devonshire hat and a limp girlish white frock, with a blue sash tied round the waist, Mr. Aylmer, faultlessly dressed, as usual, in a pale heather-mixture suit, with hat to match, a crimson rosebud in his button-hole, and with new driving-gloves. It is evident that I may venture upon my secret visit to the Priory this afternoon without any fear of encountering the head of the household.

It takes me scarcely ten minutes to run across the fields, bare and stubbly now that the hay is cut and cared; and I linger for a minute to rest and recover my breath under the tall elm-trees that shade the stile leading into the lane.

The weather is oppressively hot, though the sun is obscured just now by a thick cloud that looks like a mass of cotton-wool with brazen edges; the birds are flying about restlessly, and in the west the sky is slowly assuming a purple gray tint, against which the rich foliage of the trees shows up unnaturally green. Are we going to have thunder?

Not for some hours perhaps, but we shall have a storm before the morning. I think that is the meaning of the indications mentioned, and the thought decides me to hurry on to the Priory as quickly as possible.

The next moment I am over the stile and in the lane, with a hedge all tangled with dog-roses honeysuckle, and blackberry vines on either side of me. The Priory gates are not ten yards distant; but they stand back from the road in a deep recess, so that I cannot see them until I am quite close.

When I reach it I am startled beyond measure to find a man leaning against the rusty iron scroll-work and peering through into the dim green drive beyond. When he hears my footstep behind him he turns and touches his hat respectfully.

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but can you tell me if this is the Priory, rented by Mr. Hastings Aylmer?" he asks, in a civil tone.

I scrutinise him curiously, for strangers at Combe Royal are rare. He is undoubtedly respectable-looking. He has iron-gray hair and whiskers, his eyes are gray, and so are his tweed clothes and soft felt hat—he is gray all over, in fact. He has an ugly but intelligent face, with an abnormally turned-up nose; he is middle aged, and of middle height; and he carries a roll of papers in one hand and a serviceable-looking umbrella in the other. Having thus carefully scrutinised the man, I proceed to answer the question asked me.

"Yes—this is the Priory; but, if you want to see Mr. Aylmer, I can tell you that he is not at home just now."

The stranger bows with a regretful air.

"I am greatly obliged to you, madam. The truth is, I came down on a little architectural business regarding some repairs to the house which Mr. Philip Marlowe, the owner, wishes put in hand as soon as possible; and I have his orders to interview Mr. Aylmer and ascertain if he will be willing to let me inspect the premises thoroughly before I prepare and send in my report, as Mr. Marlowe wishes to come to some decision on the matter before going abroad."

"Before going abroad?"

I was right, then! Philip means to leave us. His old idea of going out to the Colonies is to be put into practice at last. And he will go without a word or a sign! Well, if I have been foolish, he is wickedly unforgiving.

Surely—surely I have been punished quite sufficiently *for* what was hardly my fault, after all! If he would only have had the quarrel out with me at the time, I should not have minded so much, no matter what hard things he had said; but this terrible barrier that seems to have grown up between us—if something would only break it down!

"Perhaps, ma'am, you could tell me where Mr. Aylmer has gone, and how long he is likely to be absent?" says my companion presently.

His shrewd eyes seemed to have travelled all over me since he spoke last. Probably he has some idea that I belong to the house.

"I can tell you where he has gone, but not exactly when he will be back. There is a picnic in the neighborhood, and I should think he will probably be absent till about ten o'clock—possibly later," I answered indifferently, as I opened the gate of the drive and pass in under the heavy shadow of the trees.

The stranger looks disappointed.

"That's unlucky!" he says, with a momentary twitching of his lips. "However, it can't be helped; I must come down another day, I suppose. Good afternoon, ma'am, and thank you."

He touches his hat respectfully and turns away.

I look back once, just before I turn the sharp angle in the carriage road that hides the gates from view, but he is nowhere to be seen, and I am too absorbed in my own scheme—too eager to make progress with it—to give the man another thought.

The old house, with the steep sheltering furze dotted hill rising abruptly behind it, and the belt of scrubby pine trees that hide the high walls of the old kitchen garden on the left, stands silent and deserted as usual, with no more signs of life about it than if it were quite untenanted.

One thin curling line of smoke, rising blue against the great copper beech that overshadows a part of the building, gives evidence that there is a fire in some back kitchen or scullery; otherwise the dwelling might be taken to be deserted.

As usual, the front door stands ajar, and in front of it the black boy Ali lies motionless, with his face buried in his arms, as though guarding the premises in his master's absence.

To all appearance, he has fallen asleep at his post; but, even if that be so, he is awake and on the alert at the first sound of my approaching footsteps. He rises, stretches himself, and comes forward to meet me with a dignified salaam, rendered ludicrous by his shabby frayed clothing.

In reply to my query as to Mrs. Aylmer's health, and whether she would be likely to receive me for a short visit, he turns up his small shining black eyes until the pupils actually disappear from view and shakes his head mournfully.

"Mem sahib dreadful sick! Can't see nobody not this afternoon," he says solemnly.

"But you might go and ask her; you can't be quite sure that she won't see anybody. Perhaps, if she feels dull, I could cheer her up a little," I suggested, with caution.

Ali shakes his head more decidedly than ever.

"Can't see nobody at all!" he reiterates, his countenance becoming suddenly very stubborn. "Massa's orders! Mem sahib not have no visitors—none!"

Evidently Mr. Hastings Aylmer has taken care to instruct his factotum thoroughly in the duty he expects him to perform.

I am quite at a loss as to what to do next. I have no right whatever to force an entrance to the Priory, no matter what my suspicions may be, and any attempt at effecting an entrance by stealth would be almost certainly frustrated by the sharp-witted colored boy. One chance remains, and I must try it.

Producing my purse, I extract therefrom one of two half-sovereigns given me by dear old father just before he started on his holiday, to buy "fal lals," as he calls them, for the Fairacre picnic.

It seems dreadful to use his present for such a purpose, but I have literally no alternative. Taking the shining yellow coin between my finger and thumb, I hold it up before Ali's sparkling black eyes.

"Do you know how much money this is?" I ask severely.

The boy nods so that I wonder he does not dislocate his dark skinny neck; his face suddenly lights up with cupidity; he does not speak, but holds up the claw-like fingers and thumbs of both hands to demonstrate his knowledge of the exact value of my half-sovereign. To my great relief, his is plainly a soul not above a bribe.

"Now look here, Ali," I say coolly, feeling that with my golden key I can afford to take matters with a high hand—"I will give you this piece of gold all for your very own, to do as you like with, if you will promise faithfully to do something I want very much in return."

I pause here to note the effect of my words; and Ali watches me with rapt attention.

"Now," I continued, "I wish very much to visit your mistress for a short while, and this is my only opportunity. I promise not to do her any harm, only good; and, if you will show me to her room and leave me alone with her, I will put this money into your hand when I come out again. Do you understand me?"

I looked fixedly at my companion for a reply, but for a moment he makes none. He nods twice or thrice in a meditative manner, as though considering some important matter; then suddenly his expression changes—a malicious grin illumines his features. He draws close to me, and puts his lips near to my ear.

"Lor' bless yer, I'd sell my grandmother, if I'd got one, for 'arf a skiv!" he whispers confidentially.

The sudden change from broken English to unmistakable cockney takes me so entirely aback that I start as from a sudden shock. Indeed I am absolutely dumfounded for the moment.

"Then you are not—not," I stammered wildly—"not black?"

"Bless yer 'art—no, miss, no more nor you! The whole bloomin' concern's a blessed plant—that's wot it is!" replies Mr. Hastings Aylmer's "foreign" servant cheerfully.

Putting his dark forefinger slowly into his mouth, he proceeds to draw a moist zig-zag line with it down the opposite arm, hastily bared for the purpose. Sure enough, the dark coloring matter—dye, or whatever it is—is partially removed, showing that the skin beneath is undeniably European.

"It won't come off, you see, unless it's wetted. It lasts a little better nor a week, and then the boss puts it on himself, and a precious sticky nasty job 'tis too!" the boy explains, with obliging candor. Then he whispers, "You won't peach, will you? Honor bright!"

I shake my head. The discovery that the supposed Indian page-boy is actually a London gamin of the first water in disguise fills me with terror, and causes me to regret too late the folly of which I have been guilty in withholding from my father the grave suspicions that my first visit to the Priory aroused in my mind.

While I, in my feeble girlish fashion, am planning to defeat single handed the evil designs of so crafty a villain as Mr. Marlowe's tenant, he will probably "walk over the course," as the sporting papers say, and snap his fingers at us all afterwards. I ought to have taken my father into my confidence. It is too late now, however, to retrieve my errors of judgment. All I can do is to act as promptly and bravely as possible.

"Tell of you? No—certainly not! Your secret is quite safe with me," I say hurriedly, in answer to the boy's repeated entreaties that I will not betray him; "but you must promise to watch carefully, and let me know somehow if you see Mr. Aylmer returning. I am afraid of him, and for the world I would not have him find me with his wife. You shall have your half-sovereign all right if you will do your best to help me—and I think you will."

Once more my companion nods decidedly.

"I'm game for the 'arf-skiv!" he says, with firmness. "You go in and see the old 'un and have it out with 'er, whatever 'tis; and I'll climb the big tree just by the gate posts, where I can see up and down the road, and if I spy the boss comin' I'll bolt up to the house that blessed minit and give a good loud whistle; and then"—oracularly—"I recommend yer to make haste and cut yer lucky, for, as sure as you don't, he'll whack the old missis when you're gone, as he did afore; and, when he whacks, he do whack orful!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Fighting Grizzlies.

BY S. U. W.

WHILE standing on the levee, near the foot of K street, Sacramento City, one delicious afternoon in September, debating in my mind whether I should take a boat for San Francisco, and pass the winter, i. e., the rainy season, in idleness there, or run to the mountains, and tempt fortune in the dry diggings, a hand was laid heavily, but not roughly, upon my shoulder.

Before I had time to look up, a kindly voice greeted me with:

"Hollo, lieutenant! You here? Why, by the great Bull of Bourbon, you're the last man I'd a thought of meeting in these parts. Why, when did you get down from the hills?"

I looked steadily in the face of the gentleman who had thus familiarly accosted me—that is, looked at that part of a face that was not covered with a splendid growth of dark hair, and was about to say in the politest and coldest manner it was possible for me to assume, that the gentleman had decidedly the advantage of me,

when a merry twinkle of the man's black eyes made me instantly change my tune, and cry out in the heartiest tone of welcome possible.

"Why, Ben, old fellow, is it you? Give me your hand, my boy! Why, when did you get out of the hills, and how are the rest of the boys. Are they with you, or are they—come, let's smile!"

And putting my arm in his, I hurried him across the open space between the river and the houses opposite, and dragged him—not that he was at all backward in the art of smiling—into the Eagins.

"Let's take a seat, Ben. What'll you have? Champagne, eh?"

"No—hang your wine! I'll take a snap at some Bourbon or old rye. I don't care smokes which. I want something a white man can take into his stomach. You know, lieutenant, my opinion about water. Well, its pretty much the same with regard to wine. Water is all very well for floating ships in, and making tea for women and children, but when you come to men, why there's nothing so good as old rye."

I gave the waiter a wink, and presently a bottle of whiskey was placed before us that is not often tasted in the States.

"Why, Ben," I asked as I noticed that he decanted his liquor with his left hand, his right hand hanging uselessly by his side, "what's the matter with your right arm? Is it hurt?"

"Chawed a little!" he answered, as he emptied his glass. "And I've come down into this den of civilization and black-legging to see if the doctors can make it good as new. For I owe the varmint another tune, and I'll have it out of 'em yet, or my name's not Ben. Swift."

"Grizzlies?" asked I.

"Grizzlies," he answered.

"How was it, Ben? You used to boast, old boy, that no bear was ever dropped that could get the better of you."

And I looked commiseratingly at my friend, a perfect giant in stature, and yet so nobly built and athletic was he that there was not a spare ounce of flesh or bone in his body. Ben has always appeared in my eyes the beau-ideal of a Nimrod. He was handsome as he was big, and I am fully persuaded that, had he paid as much attention to the ladies as he did to four-footed creatures, more than one sweet little heart would have panted to be pressed to his side, and more than one pair of rose-bud lips would have turned to his to be kissed.

"Well, they did get a little the better of me this time, I must admit; but then there were three of them, and what could a fellow under the circumstances do but take to the tree and roost?"

"How was it, Ben?" I asked, as he uncovered the injured arm, and I saw that an ugly cut, which left the bone open from the elbow to the wrist, needed the attention of some disciples of Esculapius. "How was it, Ben?" I repeated, sorry to see my friend thus injured.

"Well," he answered, "Tom Fryers, Dick Harding, Barry Smith, Bill Byrne and myself were whiling the time away at little Kelly's rancho, helping him to measure out the contents of a barrel of corn juice he had got somehow from the Bay, when who should come in and disturb us in our devotions but that son of Anak, Big Cochrane.'

"'How are yer, boys?' he said, in his uncouth, bluff way. 'Yar a pooty set o' fellers, to be drinkin' an' playin' with keards when there's so much sport up in the hills. But give us a sample o' your stuff. I've heern say it wor good for the toothache, if nothin' else.'

"While Cochrane was placing the juice under his hunting shirt, visions of grizzly swam before my eyes, and I itched to be out on the trail of the animals. For, you see, lieutenant, I hadn't in my wanderings seen even the traces of a bear for a whole month, and consequently became mighty uneasy, fooling my time away at whiskey and cards, and the season all but over for the hills.

"'What is it, Cochrane?' I said, as soon as I saw he had regained his breath after his last pull at the can.

"'Bar?' he answered,

"'Where?'

"'I seed thar tracks this mornin' makin' for the berry bushes nigh Stone's Creek. It's a mighty ugly place to meet the critters in jest about this time. I jedge they war some punkins, by the spread o' thar paws. I kalkiate I'll find out what thar doin' up thar, ennyhow.'

"'Count me in,' said I; 'I want to have a look at them, especially as you say they're weighty.'

"'Wal,' said the son of Anak, 'who else wants to jine?'

"He wouldn't calculate on Tom Fryers or Dick Harding, for they were as drunk as the juice could make them, and as for Barry Smith, he was too intent on following their example to be counted in.

"'I guess you kin coax me into that yere crowd o' your'n, Cochrane,' remarked Bill Byrne.

"'No one else?' asked Cochrane.

"He saw that it was useless to repeat the question, and it was finally agreed that we three should, early on the following morning, follow the tracks made by the bears.

"'See yere, you Bill, an' you, Ben, be keerful o' yourselves, an' don't get so darned drunk that neither on ye can tell the stump o' a tree from a bar to morrow. Drink an' get drunk like Christians, an' ye'l be all right, both on ye. As for myself, I guess I won't teck more'n a pint more, an' then I go to sleep.'

"It was dark this time, and Cochrane was not many minutes in following out his resolution. He took in his allowance, assuring Kelly during the operation that if he did not have enough of the whiskey left in the morning to wet his whistle before starting he should incur his displeasure then and there.

"As the barrel was not near empty, and as Fryers and Harding would not be likely to require any more for some time, and as Barry Smith could be finished with another quart, Little Kelly thought he could assure his friend that there would certainly be a drop or two left for his delectation in the morning.

"Satisfied on this point, the son of Anak rolled himself in his blanket, and stretching his huge form on the floor, with his feet to the fire, was soon trumpeting glad tidings of great joy through his nose; which, lieutenant, as you have seen the man, is not the least diminutive of the organs which ornament his head and face.

"As there was a chance for grizzly, I dropped the cards and the juice, and overhauled my gun, a sixteen shooter, which I got from York City, sent me by a friend there, and then rolled myself in my blanket, followed the example which had been set me.

"I awoke the next morning to see Big Cochrane looking at my repeater.

"'What on the yearth is that ar?' he asked, as he saw me watching him. It was the first time he had ever seen a weapon of the kind.

"'Why, a rifle, to be sure,' I answered, as I rose to my feet and shook myself.

"'Quar-lookin' critter,' he muttered. "But I s'pose it's all right. If yer hadn't a seen bar afore ter-day, Ben Swift, I'd be moccasined by the ugliest squaw on the plains, ef I'd trust myself with any one in thar tracks an' that in thar hands.'

"'I'll take the chance with it, Cochrane,' I responded. 'It has stood me in good need before, and it may again.'

"No more was said. Byrne, Cochrane and myself, as soon as we had dispatched breakfast and saddled horses, struck a path, headed by the latter, that took us to the Coast Range, and north of mount Linn. It was too late in the day when we had reached the hills to think of finding the grizzlies, and so we encamped for the night. We were not long, however, in getting on to the tracks of the beasts, and we resolved to have them on the following day at any hour.

"We hobbled our horses and left them to range at will through the grass, as we saw it would be useless to take them with us through the brush. The following morning we were on our way to the haunts of the grizzlies. Discovering as we advanced fresh tracks, we became more cautious in our movements, and, for greater safety, separated and struck out in different directions.

"This, lieutenant, you know, was necessary, as there were at least three, if not more of the animals somewhere near us.

"Half an hour subsequent to the disappearance of Cochrane and Byrne, I found myself on a large plateau on the summit of the range. This flat space is covered here and there with bushes, while at intervals a tree may be found.

"While crossing this space, and when near a clump of bushes, I heard a movement that denoted the presence of a grizzly. I was instantly on the alert. I had hardly more than prepared myself, when a huge bear, with a growl so loud that it seemed to shake the ground under my feet, rushed out of the under-growth, about thirty rods ahead of me.

"As soon as he saw me he stopped. I at once covered him with my gun, and just as I was in the act of touching the trigger, he moved. I drove a ball into his vitals that presently finished him.

"The excitement and sport, as I supposed, over, I was about to move on—wondering why Cochrane and Byrne had not been attracted to the place by the repeated reports of my rifle.

"But it was fortunate for me that I had not left the tree. Just as I was about to do so, another grizzly worked its way out of the bush close beside me. Before I had time to find out where it really was, it stood before, and certainly could not have been more than twice its own length from me. To fire was useless. I made at once for the limbs of a tree. While scaling the trunk, my left hand encumbered with the rifle, the monster somehow got hold of my arm, and, in my effort to disengage it, tore it as you have seen. I did not feel it much at the time.

"In a second I was among the branches, the bear endeavoring to follow; but I worked my way until I had succeeded in reaching some of the smaller limbs, where, to prevent myself from falling through faintness, for I had become dizzy from loss of blood—my arm all the while bleeding profusely—I managed to tie myself. I still held the gun in my uninjured hand. I laid it across a couple of limbs, and pulling out my whiskey flask, washed the injured arm with the fluid it contained.

"This partially revived me. I next tore my shirt off, and with my teeth rent it into strings, and, as best I could, wound it around my arm.

"On looking down I saw that the bear—a she one—was striving to get up the trunk. I, however, did not fear her. I knew she could not reach me.

"With the uninjured arm, I now placed the gun to my left shoulder, and rested the barrel on a branch of the tree, prepared to give the enraged creature beneath me its quietus.

"The bear at length, tired of striving to reach me, moved in the direction where lay the beast I had killed. This gave me a chance which I availed myself of.

"I covered her and fired. Again I was fortunate. The ball hit home. As it did so, the creature bounced in the air, and with a savage yell, rather than growl, fell dead across the body of her mate.

"I was overjoyed at my success. For a moment I forgot the pain in my arm, and, notwithstanding the shades of night were gathering rapidly around me, I was about to descend, when all at once I heard, as if from a thousand throats, the yelping of prairie wolves. They seemed to come from every quarter of the compass in the direction where I was. They had smelt the blood of the grizzlies.

"I now hesitated about going down, and it was well I did. For less than ten minutes from the time I first heard the cry of the coyotes, the plateau in the vicinity of the tree was literally black with them. They gathered around the carcasses of the bears, and commenced, as they snarled and growled, and yelped, and fought each other, devouring them.

"From that hour until late on the following day I remembered nothing. I presume I must have fainted.

"When I did become conscious I found myself lying upon the ground in the midst of the bones of the grizzlies I had killed, and which the wolves had devoured, Cochrane and Byrne standing over me.

"They had, they said, after great labor, succeeded in finding and lowering me from the tree. While I was yet unconscious, they had dressed my torn arm, thoroughly washed it, and closing the lips of the wound as much as possible. They could not but see the work I had done, and they, of course, congratulated me.

"With the assistance of those men I got back to Kelly's, and thence I came here in search of a medicine man that can fix me up as good as new, for I intend hereafter to make the grizzlies smell blue blazes with my repeater for the ugly trick one of their kind played on me in tearing open my arm."

I took Ben Swift to a medical gentleman of repute, who, in a few weeks, placed his patient out of danger. When Ben went back to the hills, he promised to reward the doctor for his trouble by sending him the fattest grizzly he could find; and he did.

CREATIVE FORCE.—"Life lies before us," says Goethe, "as a huge quarry lies before the architect; he deserves not the name of an architect except when, out of this fortuitous mass, he can combine, with the greatest economy and fitness and durability, some form, the pattern of which originated in his spirit. All things without us—nay, I may add, all things in us—are mere elements; but deep within us lies the creative force which out of these can produce what they were meant to be, and which leaves us neither sleep nor rest until, in one way or another, without us or in us, that same has been produced."

Bric-a-Brac.

TYING THE KNOT.—At a Babylonish wedding ceremony the priest, it is said, took a thread from the garment of the bride and another from the garment of the bridegroom, and tied them into a knot, which he gave to the bride. This is probably the origin of the modern saying about tying the knot with regard to marriage.

A SHORT SERMON.—Perhaps the shortest speech ever delivered in any legislative assembly was that of the member of Congress, who, having got out this sentence, "Mr. Speaker, the generality of mankind in general are disposed to exercise oppression on the generality of mankind in general," was pulled down to his seat by a friend with the remark. "You'd better stop; you are coming out at the same hole you went in at!"

THE COREANS.—Mr. H. Saunderson, of the Chinese Imperial Customs, says that there is little doubt that the Coreans are of Mongolian extraction. The antiquity of their race is one point upon which they pride themselves; but their early records have been so scattered and destroyed that little information can be obtained from them. They are a tall finely-built race, the average height of the men being five feet six inches, and that of the women five feet. The Corean is an arrant thief, and, in his utter disregard both for morality and decency, he exceeds both the Chinese and Japanese.

TO THEIR ADVANTAGE.—Mutual service is a system which is carried to perfection in the Indian villages. No money is used in exchange for services. The barber attends to the carpenter in return for repairs of ploughs and other wooden instruments. The washerman washes the clothes of the physician who attends to him in sickness, and so forth. The problem of insufficient income is met in the only possible way—by limitation of wants. The Hindoo has no furniture—not even a hand-basin. He washes in the river, and the sun dries him. He has neither chairs, beds, nor tables. He uses the floor as a complete substitute; or, if he is dainty, he allows himself the luxury of a three-halfpenny mat. Except for cooking-pots and grain and a few water-jars, his house is as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

SEWING ON EYEBROWS.—It is said that a certain perfumer has found a new way of fixing eyelashes and eyebrows. Instead of painting them in the usual vulgar old style, he puts the genuine article there. The operator takes a hair from the head of the beauty—for ladies are his chief customer—or, if she does not like precisely the color of her own hair, he takes one of any other color that she likes, threads an extremely fine needle with the hair, runs it along inside the skin of the eyelid, sewing mailmaker's fashion, but leaving the loops sufficiently long to enable him to cut them afterward, so that they will form a range of beautiful fringe and look perfectly natural. The operation is extremely delicate, but painful. For eyebrows he does the same thing; but the eyebrow operation is, of course, less delicate. Arched eyebrows, bushy eyebrows, straight eyebrows, crooked eyebrows—all sorts of eyebrows, in any color or shade or form, this perfumer makes; and it is said that his success is astonishing.

ARCTIC GEESE AND ENGLISH SWANS.—Wild geese can be found nowhere so abundant as in the Arctic Ocean, and the inhabitants of Kolguev and other islands are largely dependent on them for food. The largest goose-drive ever recorded took place last year, when at the first catch of the season the inhabitants of Kolguev succeeded in driving 3,825 birds into the nets. The natives take advantage of the moulting season, when the geese are not very strong on the wing, to make the drives, and so capture them. English swans are still to be found on the Thames, but in very small numbers compared with three and a half centuries ago, when Paulus Jovius declared that he never saw a river so thickly covered with swans as the Thames. On other English rivers they were equally, if not more, numerous, for when John Taylor, the Water-Poet, rowed up the Avon to Salisbury, he was amazed at the swarm of birds on that stream. "As I passed up the Avon," he says, "at the least 2,000 swans, like so many pilots, swam in the deepest parts and showed me the way."

THE fez or red cap universally worn by the Turks is so called because it was first made at Fezzan, in the Sahara. The fez is a woolen or felt cap, red, and without a visor.

MY STATUE.

BY H. A.

Cold as the statue that Pygmalion warmed
To life with love's first kiss,
She stood beneath the moon's soft silvery beams
On such a night as this.

About her feet the grasses whispered low,
As if in sudden fear
At finding so much dainty loveliness,
Standing so them anear.

Her taper fingers tore a flower in twain
With their white frosty tips,
While not the shadow of a smile dared touch
The proud curves of her lips.

Could love give to this statue warmth and life?
"Ah, I would rather die,
Slain by the lightning of thine eyes, than live
Without thy love," I cry.

A rosy flush, creeping from lip to brow,
The lovely statue warms—
And 'tis a woman yields with tender grace
To love's entwining arms!

A WAR WITH FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FATAL MOMENT," "A RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION," "WRECKED," "THE FRUITS OF A CRIME," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.—CONTINUED.

THERE was now but one faint chance of failure, she told herself, and that was that Tryan might discover, between now and the following morning, the strange mistake he had made as to the individuality of Major Darnoombe's betrothed; in which case she knew he would break his appointment with the Rector, and she would probably never see him again.

But she would not entertain this idea for a moment. Since fate, or chance, or whatever people chose to call it, had stood her friend so far, was there any reason why it should fail her at the crucial moment? And yet, though she tried in this way to bolster up her failing faith in the permanence of her own good fortune, she had really, now that the critical moment was so near, a secret fear at her heart.

She was like a parched weary traveler, who had been hastening laboriously across a sandy desert towards a river which he had seen shimmering in the distance like silver in the sunshine, and who, as he approached the bank, found treacherous quicksand at his feet, and feared to take another step towards the grateful stream!

Besides this presentiment of coming evil, there was yet another disturbing element at work within her. Uncompromising.y as she had gone on her own reckless road, unhesitatingly as she had for the past six months set her own wishes above everything else in the world, unscrupulously as she ruthlessly sacrificed in the endeavor to gain her own ends—despite all this, there yet remained to her some remnant of a seared conscience. And now, suddenly, this tardily-aroused monitor began to assert itself.

With these conflicting elements within her, it was inevitable that they should set upon her some outward sign of their presence; and, when the doctor entered the room, he noticed at once her worn face, and he was disquieted by the change for the worse in her appearance that had taken place since his visit of the previous day.

"What have you been doing to yourself?" he asked sharply, entirely forgetting Major Darnoombe's gossip. "You've been overtaxing yourself in some way. Did you get out this morning? Ah—then you've overdone it! How long were you out?"

"About an hour," she told him, willing that he should think it was the walk that had produced the change in her.

"An hour!" he cried indignantly. "Just as long again as you should have been! I wonder you, of all people, did not know better; and, if you did not, I wonder the Rector had not more thought! You've put yourself back a week at least."

She smiled deprecatingly and murmured a few words about the temptation to remain in the sunshine as long as one's strength lasted. And he snorted and "pished" and "pah'd" in reply, as he proceeded to make a careful examination of her condition.

But Dora did not at all feel disheartened by what the doctor called "this unfortunate retrograde movement. She knew its cause, and she told herself that she also knew its cure.

If Tryan came to her to-morrow morning, and took her hand, smiling his grave kind smile, and told her that things were settled as she wished them to be, and that thenceforward he would make it his one aim in life to prevent her regretting her choice, this slight touch of fever would disappear with the agitation and anxiety which had caused it.

No—she did not feel at all alarmed on the grounds of her own health, for she knew how quickly she was gaining strength, and was perfectly satisfied on that score.

But Doctor Clapper scolded her so thoroughly that it was not until he was drawing on his gloves that he remembered that some advice to her future conduct was necessary.

"You will keep in the house until I give you leave to go out again, if you please!" he said severely. "We shall have to get rid of these feverish symptoms before you run any further risks. And, above all, be very careful of the morning and evening air; it blows in at your back windows very bleak and keen off the common. Muffle your mouth up in passing up the stairs at night."

The doctor had reached the door and had turned the handle before he recollected his piece of news, and he turned back on purpose to impart it.

"By-the-bye—I quite forgot to tell you about it yesterday—that man—John Martin—has got away from the asylum."

"What!"

She sprang up from the depths of the large chair in which she was sitting with such a look of terror on her face as must have set the Doctor wondering at the cause if he had seen it.

"Yes," he went on—"made his escape in the early morning the day before yesterday. It seems that his health has broken down under the confinement, and they have been giving him a little more liberty in consequence; and this is the use he made of it. That is the trouble with these sailors. Nobody in the world had such a horror of confinement—it is a disease in itself. And then they climb like cats—it is not easy to keep them shut up. Would you like any active steps taken for his recovery?"

"His recovery? Active steps?" she muttered. "Yes—no—don't know!"

As she gazed distractedly round the room, she suddenly encountered the reflection of her eyes in a mirror, and she sank into her chair, shocked at the self-betrayed they expressed.

"Do whatever you think best in the circumstances, Doctor Clapper," she said, exerting all her self-command to speak quietly and clearly, conscious only of one wish—that he would go, and leave her to face out this new terror alone—"whatever you think best for him, I mean, of course. Use your own judgment, and look to me for expenses."

"Very good," he replied; "that is just what I thought you would say. Then I will communicate with the Hull police at once, and so stop him from getting away in a ship."

"Yes," she said, as indifferently as she could—"yes—that will certainly be best."

"And I will see that any information is at once sent on to you."

"Thank you! Yes—I should like that."

He glanced back at her when he again reached the door, struck, in spite of her almost superhuman efforts to disguise her feelings, by something strange in her manner. But she was sitting perfectly still and quiet—too still, perhaps—with her back towards him, and, as there seemed to be nothing further to say on the subject, he passed out, with a murmured "Good-bye!" and left her sitting there, with her eyes fixed upon the rug.

But, when she was once alone, once assured that there was no chance of his return, round and round, in and out among the chairs and tables, she paced, in a state of terrible agitation. She would walk the length of the room, with one hand pressed tightly over her burning eyes, then she would suddenly pause, and stand for some seconds staring blindly before her, with a dull expression of misery in her eyes which was even more terrible than the more active signs of suffering.

This was the trouble she had felt was hanging over her all through the day; this was the hidden peril which had been threatening her—this the coming danger which had aroused her dilatory conscience, forewarned her of failure. For who that prospered in their wickedness ever thought of conscience? she asked herself recklessly. It was only when failure approached that such scruples began to trouble the schemer's mind.

So this man was again at liberty; and he would make his confession to some one who would inquire into it. And Tryan would hear how she, wantonly suppressed the truth, and he would loathe her very name.

Presently the sun began to brighten the room, and found her still there, struggling with the disaster that had befallen her. The brilliance of the sunshine was too much for her, and she went across to the diningroom, where the light was cold and gray and cheerless, and seemed more in accordance with the tempestuous bitterness of her spirit.

The view from the window of the road towards the Hall recalled to her memory the morning after the murder in the quarry. She remembered how she had stood there that morning watching for Tryan Cambray, actually believing him to be the murderer; she remembered her walk up the hillside in the glaring July sunshine, and her meeting, high up under the very crest of Gillian's Hood, with the shaggy-headed bright-eyed sailor.

She remembered how, throughout their short interview, he had held one hand tightly clenched against his breast, and how her eyes had been held spell-bound by the sight of a shred of pink and white cheek silk held tightly in that clenched hand.

She remembered her indecision and perplexity during the days that followed, her sudden resolve to go to the adjourned inquest and say what she knew, and her equally sudden resolve to keep silence on the subject when she saw the animated meeting between Tryan Cambray and Thirza Bright.

She had never faltered nor wavered in the resolve she had formed in that moment of mad unconquerable jealousy; and now, at the very moment when those months of suffering and shame and torment were about to yield their fruit in due season, it was all to be rendered futile by the escape of this ne'er-do well half-mad sailor! And, even while his name was on her lips, she heard the gate swing to, and, looking up, saw the man himself coming up the garden path towards the house.

For one brief moment she thought it was an hallucination, that her mind had given way under the strain; then her agitation passed, and left her in a state of calm so unnatural as to seem the result of some superhuman agency.

The tremor and twitching left her limbs, the flurry and turmoil ceased in her brain, and she found herself cool and collected, thinking, clearly and reasonably, how best to grapple with and overcome this threatened annihilation of all her plans.

Passing out through the hall, she took down a thick gray woolen shawl, wrapped it well round her head and shoulders, and, opening the door, confronted the man upon the steps.

"I ask your pardon for coming to the front door," he said, in a faint weak tone, not recognising her at first; "but I didn't know my way round; and you'll excuse the boldness of a starving man."

"Starving?"

"Yes, lady; this is the evening of my third day without food. I'm getting to Hull in search of a ship; but I broke down when I reached the stone-pits up yonder, and I've laid there for the last twenty-four hours, too tired to move another step. But hunger's a hard driver. I saw this house from above there, lady—saw how it stood hard by the church, and reckoned it might be the parson's house—and said to myself it was worth trying for a meal there."

"Certainly you shall have a meal!" she said, as she strove to form some plan for getting him away out of sight and yet keeping him within reach, so that she could direct the asylum authorities to his hiding place. "We never refuse food to a hungry man. Where do you mean to pass the night?"

"I'll get back to the hut at the stone-pits, if I've got the strength," he replied; and, as he spoke, an idea flashed upon her suddenly.

"Well, at least it will protect you from the weather," she said. "I am going down the road in that direction; if you will walk slowly on, I will overtake you with a basket of food."

"You won't be long?" he asked eagerly. "I'm well-nigh done with my three days' fast."

"I will overtake you in five minutes," she assured him; and, muttering a faint husky "Thank ye," he turned and went, with weak shambling steps, down the path out by the gate.

As she watched him, she remembered the Doctor's words, spoken scarcely an hour since, "It seems that his health has broken down." If he had only died in the asylum, died in comfort and plenty, what a merciful release it would have been!

She turned into the house with a heavy sigh, took off her shawl, and went to the kitchen to Ursula.

"Ursula, I want you to go to the post-office for me at once!" she said. "No matter what you are doing, you must go!" she insisted, as the old servant mumbled a remonstrance. "If you won't, I must! It is a telegram I want taken, and it cannot wait. The Rector won't mind dinner being ten minutes late for once."

Ursula gave in with a bad grace, pulled down her sleeves and took her bonnet from its peg, while her mistress wrote the message—

"To Doctor Bramley, Lunatic Asylum, Frappeley.—The Rectory, Quilter's Common. John Martin is here. Send at once."

Ursula being safely out of the way, Dora hurriedly filled a basket with food, and put on her shawl again. With her hand upon the handle of the door she paused, thinking. Then she set the basket down, and went out at the back of the house to her father's toolshed—the Rector was fond of carpentering—and made search among the articles on the shelves. Presently she found what she was seeking—a large, heavy-looking padlock—and, concealing it in the folds of her dress, she stole quietly back to the hall and let herself out of the house.

She paused for a moment at the gate, calculating how long a time would elapse before her father's return. She also thought of the possibility that she might never stand on that spot again, and she glanced about her, half-dazed by the thought. But after that momentary pause she hurried on, with a faint smile at her own folly.

"If I am to fail after all," she said to herself, "I would as soon end it in that way as any other. I could not face disappointment now, when the fulfilment of the one great desire of my heart has been so nearly within my reach."

CHAPTER XXX.

AS Dora Valland hurried along, with her eyes fixed upon the shambling figure of the half-starved sailor who was slowly making his way down the road ahead of her, the evening mists were already beginning to blur the outlines of the gorse and bramble bushes on the common to her left. Her long confinement to the house had unfitted her for rapid exercise; but John Martin, after his long fast, was also not in a fit condition for great exertion; so, in spite of her labored breathing, she overtook the hungry man just before he reached the bend in the road where the footpath commenced across the common.

At the sound of her footsteps behind him he swung round suddenly and unsteadily, with a look of ferocity in his gaunt hollow eyes; but his expression changed at once when he saw the gray shawl and the food-basket.

"You can eat as we go along," she said, handing him a slice of bread and meat. "I will walk with you as far as the quarry hut, and bring back the basket."

He seized the food eagerly, too intent upon satisfying his hunger to have a thought for anything else. And so they walked along side by-side across the common, wending their way in and out among the bushes along the winding-path. Now and again, when the way was too narrow for them both, she would go on ahead for a few steps and would occasionally address a word or two to her companion; but he was always too busy to reply.

With every sense keenly on the alert, she noticed how quickly his hunger was appeased. While they were still at some little distance from the quarry he ceased to eat ravenously, and contented himself with a leisurely mouthful at intervals.

Nothing but her inflexible will would have carried Dora Valland through the exertion of that climb. By the time it was finished she was panting like a hunted deer, drawing heavy labored breaths, each of which caused her acute physical anguish.

Leaning against the side of the hut, with her hand pressed to her side, a brilliant spot of color in each cheek, and with the disguising shawl thrown back to give her greater freedom to breathe, she suddenly became conscious that her companion was looking at her, and that he appeared to almost recognise her.

Miss Valland's heart beat violently, and

a deathly sensation of fear crept over her. Any outward sign of such a feeling however she knew might be fatal, and she fixed her eyes unflinchingly upon his.

"Well, what is it?" she gasped. "Why do you look at me like that?"

"I've seen you before," he answered, panting a little; and she noticed how much stronger his voice had grown since he had taken some food. "Seems to me that I know your face better than I know my own. Seems to me that I've seen you every time I've been to Quilter's Common since—since——"

He broke off abruptly, and they stood for some moments gazing at each other in silence.

"Who are you?" he began again presently, passing his hand across his clammy forehead as if he would brush away some hideous disquieting thought.

"Why do I never come to this place without seeing some face or another that seems like a ghost to me? It isn't the drink this time, for I've not had—— Ah, now I know!" he cried, his eyes gleaming. "It was you that took me to the station that—that other time—when I first saw her! It was you I told all about it! And I'd almost swear it was you that—— Was it you that looked after me that time I hurt my head? Was it you that sent me—yonder?"

He advanced a step towards her, a fierce gleam of resentment lighting up his wan cadaverous face. But she kept her eyes steadily fixed upon him.

"I don't know what you mean," she said, calmly and distinctly. "Where is 'yonder?'"

"The place where they shut me up—where I was always t'other side of a wall—the place where I couldn't pace ten steps any way without being fetched up dead by bricks and mortar! The cruelty of it! To put a man who'd passed the best part of his life on the water into that place! Do you know what I'd do to the man or woman who tried to send me back there? I'd just strangle them, and swing for it! It would be a sight better than going back there."

Dora Valland remembered how she had stood at the Rectory gate taking that strange farewell look around her; but the memory did not weaken her resolution nor shake her self-control.

Even now, face to face with the realization of that strange presentiment, she held firmly to her tragic decision. If she could not get this man out of sight and hearing before he betrayed her, she would as soon the end came this way as any other.

"I remember that first time now," she said quietly—"it was on the common below there. You had had a fit, and I found you there, and took you to the station and sent you back to Hull."

"So you did." His glance lost something of its savageness, and she drew a long breath, just as one might do after passing over a rushing torrent on a quivering plank. Were there however no more rushing torrents to be crossed? And would the plank hold again?

"You paid the railway-fare, too—that other time," he went on; "and now you have come tramping all the way up here to bring me food. It's a queer thing we should have come across each other again like this!"

"The queerness is in your coming to this place again like this," she replied. "Since you came here, there is nothing strange in your meeting me, seeing that the Rectory is the nearest house."

"The Rectory? Are you the parson's wife?"

"No—his daughter."

"Ah, that accounts for your being so ready to help!"

"Perhaps," she said, and shivered slightly—the evening wind was chill up there. "Where have you been since I saw you off to Hull that night?"

He raised his eyes to her face again in a quick questioning way, as if he half mistrusted her even now.

"Don't you know where I've been?"

"How should I? It is nearly five months ago."

"Then I won't tell you; the fewer in the secret the better. You remember that drivelling story I told you that night when you found me?"

"Yes—I remember."

"Well, did you believe it?"

"If I had, do you think I should have helped you as I did."

"It was all the drink, you see. When a chap is mad with drink he gets horrible fancies in his head, and I fancied I had seen——"

"Yes, yes! I recollect all about that," she interposed quickly, as if anxious to avoid a repetition of the story.

"It would be different now," he went on; "if I had the fancy again now, after my long spell of a strict temperance dodge, I should begin to think there was something in it after all. That's what brought me back again to his hole in the hill; I wanted to convince myself that that other business was all the drink, and I have. I've been here a day and a night, and I've seen nothing. It was only the drink those other times. I shall tramp into Hull tonight, and get a ship and be out of the country before the end of the week."

"Ah, that reminds me!" She spoke with animation, as if something had just occurred to her. "I heard this morning that all the shipping offices in Hull were being watched just now, to prevent the escape of a lunatic sailor who has broken out of the asylum at Frappeley. Perhaps," she went on, heedless of the awful oath which broke from between his set teeth—"perhaps you will see something of his capture. Our doctor was speaking of it; he said the whole country side was being searched for him. And, by-the-bye, don't stay too late here in the morning; they are going to search the hill-side, and——"

Another oath broke from him, so awful in its impiety that she shrank back in affright; and then, as he threw up his hands with the action she remembered so well, a sudden terrified fit of coughing seized him, and he staggered back and leaned against the side of the hut, as helpless for the time being as a babe.

She watched him with strangely varied feelings. Sorry for his sufferings at the moment she certainly was; yet, since he was so absolutely doomed, why could he not have contented himself, for the short space of life left to him, in that safe shelter which had been provided for him.

"Don't stay out here any longer in the mist," she said, when the paroxysm of coughing was over. "You had better get inside and make yourself as comfortable as you can for the night."

"And be taken like a rat in a hole!" he gasped, fighting to recover his breath and raising a shaking hand to his clammy forehead to push a wisp of hair from his eyes.

"You! Taken!" she cried. "Do you mean that you are the man they are looking for?"

"Missis, just listen to me!" Still coughing between his words and trembling so from exhaustion as to be scarcely able to stand, he crept nearer to her, and, supporting himself against the wall of the hut, held out one hand appealingly—"Just for a minute, missis! I'm no more mad than you are yourself! If I was a bit cranky a while ago, it was only the drink that made me so. But, if they get hold of me and take me back there, I shall go mad in earnest. I can stand anything but being shut up. You can't imagine what it is to a chap that's been used to plenty of sea-room all his life to find himself in close quarters like that, with only a bit of sky the width of a yard-arm to look at. I swear to you that I'd rather be dead and in my grave than be cramped up in that walled-in place again! You've helped me before—Heaven only knows why—then help me again! Help me to keep out of the clutches of these people who are looking for me, hide me up somewhere till the hunt has passed by; and may God show mercy to you as you show it to me now!"

Dora Valland shivered again; she shook from head to foot, as a growing sapling is shaken by a tempest.

"Mercy?" she repeated, with a dreary laugh. "I've never had any mercy on myself; why should I——" She paused suddenly, and drew a long breath.

"There is only once chance for you," she went on, speaking in a hard clear metallic tone, like one whose word is beyond appeal.

"There is a padlock and key inside here somewhere—I was sketching the view last summer, and I used to lock up my drawing-things here—if we can find the padlock, and I lock you in, they—those searchers—will pass on without a second look at the place; they will know you couldn't lock yourself in."

She paused and looked at him; and he grasped the idea at once, although with shuddering repugnance.

"The Lord in Heaven bless you for your goodness!" he muttered huskily.

But she raised her hands, as if in repudiation of his good wishes, and passed quickly into the darkness of the hut.

Presently she came out again with the padlock and key in her hand, and signed to him to enter.

He turned in the doorway for a last word, his face looking more wan than ever.

"You will come and let me out as soon as you can?" he begged tremulously. "You'll know how I'm feeling cooped up here; come as soon as you can!"

"As soon as I can," she answered, nodding her head slightly, and watching his face with an expression on her own that made her look more like an inexorable Fate than an angel of mercy.

He paused for a moment and looked around him. He looked up at the pale steel sky, where the stars were already glimmering—looked round him at the hill-tops standing sharply defined above the mists, at the low-lying country below him swathed in its night robe of dew, and then back at her face, with a sharp swift glance of intense pleading.

He said nothing, only sighed and made a little movement with his hands and head, infinitely pathetic because of its suggestion of life-weariness, then turned and pushed the door to on its ponderous hinges, leaving her out in the night alone.

Steadily Dora Valland placed the hasp over the staple, put on the padlock, locked it, and then walked down the hill into the mists of the lowlands, which seemed to suck her down into deeper and darker depths with each step she took.

As she went along, she tried to congratulate herself on the events of the evening—on her own presence of mind and its results. But all her efforts were vain. She could not get out of her mind the eager tremulous entreaty of that prayer—"May God show mercy to you as you show it to me now!" Nor could she forget the look in those gaunt fever-bright sunken eyes, when he had turned them upon her after that long yearning farewell look at the world around him.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THIR BRIGHT came down to breakfast the morning after her visit to the asylum with her stoutest walking boots on, and her rain cloak and cap in her hand.

The more she thought about John Martin and his escape, the more probable it appeared to her that he would make for Quilter's Common the moment he regained his liberty; and, with the intrepidity natural to her, she determined to explore the neighborhood on her own account.

She told herself that if she could once stand face to face with Dora Valland and tell her that she no longer had it in her power to come between Tryan Cambray and his wishes, she would be content. The rest, she thought, with a tender smile, could be safely left to circumstances and to—her.

It was a showery morning—though not wet enough to arouse any serious remonstrance when she announced her intention of going out for a long walk.

"Aunt Polly," with her usual business-like habit of mind, advised a call on Mrs. Wellcome, either when going or coming back, "to have the bridesmaid's dress tried on;" and "Aunt Carry" suggested, in her own kind way, that she should keep to the roads, as the field paths would be drenched. Thir nodded gaily in reply, and promised to take the very greatest care of herself.

When she reached that spot in Hull road where the pathway for the Gillian's Hood quarry turned aside abruptly from the high road, she started down the path without the slightest sign of hesitation, and tramped sturdily on, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but keeping her face set diligently towards her destination.

There had been one smart shower since she had set out; but the clouds had rolled away, and the beauteous spring sunshine was lighting up the raindrops on the gorse-bushes until, as Thir looked across the sparkling common, the thought came to her that she was walking on enchanted ground, and that some fairy had conferred the gift of jewel-bearing on the brambles and bushes.

Overhead, a lark was singing his song in that wildly ecstatic manner which seldom lasts beyond the earlier half of spring, and above her, on a steep slope of greensward at the entrance to the quarry, primroses grew in luxuriant profusion.

But neither sunshine, bird, nor flowers could lure her from her purpose. She would listen to the lark's song and gather primroses on her way back, perhaps. In the meantime she held straight on, scarcely conscious, in her excitement, of the exquisite freshness of the breeze.

She was beginning now to wonder how she would open the conversation if she met this man. But presently she found that this line of thought was making her nervous; so she put it resolutely aside, telling herself that it was better to trust to inspiration than to try to formulate any plan.

When she found herself on the quarry level and, turning sharply round an abrupt corner, came into full view of the stone pit, with the workmen's hut close by on her left hand, her heart beat faster than the steepness of the climb alone warranted.

In the first scared glance around she was almost relieved to discover how completely alone she was in the solitary place; but her next thought was one of disgust at her own cowardice, quickly followed by a feeling of disappointment at the failure of her hopes. One glance at the hut and the serviceable padlock through the staple of the door satisfied her that it would be a waste of time to carry her investigations further in that direction.

"Workmen's tools," was the thought that passed through her mind as she went further in and looked about her curiously. Some little distance farther down, on the same side of the steep enclosure as the hut, there was a large crane, and adjoining it stood the engine which worked it. Here and there, all around, were heaps of stone, which had been excavated and rough-hewn, but never carted away. Perhaps the man she was looking for was hiding behind the crane or the engine; perhaps he was asleep behind one of those stone heaps.

Assuming an appearance of idle curiosity, she sauntered towards the middle of the pit, glancing up at the steep stone walls and at the various objects around with the air of a person who had stumbled upon the place by chance and was at a loss as to its history and purpose. Moving slowly forward in this manner, she presently reached the farthest end, and, looking round, had the whole pit before her; and still she could perceive no signs of life.

Her courage grew stronger as her hope failed, and she began to search each heap, and to peep and peer into each cranny, forgetting, in the excitement of the search, how difficult it would be to account for such a curious proceeding if she should come suddenly upon the person for whom she was looking. But this close search resulted in nothing, and, with a feeling almost approaching to incredulity, so strongly had the idea that she would find John Martin here implanted itself in her mind, she turned and directed her steps towards the entrance again. She was still at some distance from the entrance, when she stopped abruptly, putting her hands to her mouth in a swift scared way which almost suggested the idea that she had barely suppressed a scream. Standing perfectly still, she again heard the sound which had so suddenly arrested her steps—the sound of a hard distressing cough coming from the direction of the padlocked hut!

Still holding her hand over her mouth, as if to restrain an involuntary scream, she crept forward noiselessly until she was close to the door.

Yes—there was no room for the faintest doubt on the point. Somebody was in there—locked in, too—who was coughing in a manner which seemed every instant to threaten to tear apart the soul and body of the unfortunate sufferer.

What should she do?

Still creeping with the most exaggerated care, she made the circuit of the hut, to assure herself that there was no second door or opening of any kind; and, having satisfied herself on this point, she stopped again and minutely examined the padlock and the fastenings. No—there was no doubt on this point either. The person, whoever it might be, was safely and securely locked in.

"I reckon," said Thir to herself, trying to make believe that she was not in the least frightened, "I'm on the right side to run, any way; and there's some comfort even in that when you don't know the least bit in creation what's on the other side of a locked door!"

Presently the coughing ceased, and then she could hear the hard labored breathing which followed it. The person inside was evidently crouched up in the corner nearest to the door.

Well, she could not stay there all day and, having come so far, she would not go back with her object unaccomplished, so, summoning all her courage, she rattled the padlock smartly against the door.

A breathless pause followed, during which she almost imagined she could see the look of strained attention in the eyes of the person inside. Then no answer coming, she again rattled the padlock, cautiously asking who was inside.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN MY DREAMS.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

You kiss me in my dreams, my love!
Your dear arms clasp me close,
In rapturous bliss, like that above,
Which may we never lose!

I would my pen could o'er portray
One half thy noble traits—
That won, and hold, my love for thee,
That ne'er old Time abates.

You kiss me in my dreams, my love!
My dreams, so pure, and sweet,
That I would have them ever last,
To make my joy complete.

Oldtown Manor.

BY W. P. G.

OLDTOWN MANOR was a rambling red-brick structure of sixteenth century date. Time had added to, rather than taken from, the beauty of the house, softening and mellowing its ruddy tints and throwing a veil of lichen, moss and creepers over its weather-beaten face.

The Manor had fortunately remained unrestored during three centuries of ever-varying taste; the mullioned windows were the same from which the Lady Romilly of those days had watched through blinding tears for the return of her gallant sons, who had ridden forth to the Civil Wars and laid down their young lives for the cause of their martyr king.

The trees in the park were all pollarded by Cromwell's orders, in revenge for his failure in discovering Prince Charles when he had lain a week concealed in the "Priest's Hiding Hole" at the Manor.

The gardens were laid out in the formal style beloved of Dutch William and his courtiers; one could imagine the patched and powdered belles of other days coquetting with their attendant swains as they paced the trim alleys leading to the fishponds, or lingered by the sun-dial to read its warning motto: "Tempus fugit."

No wonder that Oldtown appeared a perfect treasury of historical associations to such an inexperienced girl as I was when I paid a visit to my father's cousins, Sir Conrad and Lady Romilly. Thirty years ago girls were not as independent as in these rapid, rushing days, and it was with a feeling of trepidation that I quitted my mother's wing (for the first time in all my nineteen years) and undertook the long journey into the North Riding.

It was such a complete change from our quiet Midlandshire Rectory to a great country house filled with "smart" people, as they would be called nowadays, and I felt pleasantly excited, in spite of my shyness.

I arrived at Oldtown on a warm September afternoon; the peacocks were sunning themselves on the south terrace; there was a blaze of autumnal blossoms in the gardens, and the woods had scarcely begun to change color.

I had never seen anything as beautiful as the old house, and my admiration knew no bounds as I entered the great oak hall, lighted by stained glass windows and hung round with family pictures, where the Romillys received me. They were a kindly, middle-aged couple, and though childless themselves, loved nothing more than the society of young people.

Although the day was so bright a log fire burned cheerfully on the open hearth, and there was nothing uncanny in the aspect of the house, nothing to account for a chill feeling which overcame me, a presentiment of sorrow which settled upon me, and I shuddered involuntarily as I followed my cousin to the pretty bedroom.

Here she left me, with injunctions to rest until dinner time, and as I gazed from my window upon the beauties of wood and lake, my nervousness abated, and when I went down to dinner in the plain white muslin, then considered the most suitable dress for a young girl, I felt quite myself again.

I was introduced to all the guests, and taken into dinner by a certain Captain Trevor. I did not then know that he was a most distinguished officer, and had won the Victoria Cross in the Crimea; I only knew that he was the most charming person I had ever met, and I forgot all my stupid shyness under the gaze of those tender, dark eyes.

That evening flew by like a dream of happiness, and when I went to bed it was with the conviction that I should thoroughly enjoy my visit to Oldtown.

I was tired out, and slept profoundly for some hours, when I wakened suddenly with such an awful feeling of terror as I had never before experienced. I lighted my candle and listened intently for some moments, but all was quiet in the house; not a sound to be heard except the regular ticking of the great clock on the stairs.

Unable to sleep again I got up, put on a dressing-gown and sat at the window: it was the hour between the darkness and dawn, the saddest and most mysterious of the twenty-four.

I was a happy, careless girl, not troubled with nerves or fancies; but as I gazed out into the eerie silence of the night, it seemed as if some terrible sadness oppressed me, and I, who had never known grief in my bright, short life, felt great tears gathering in my eyes.

Everything was calm and still; the deer slept beneath the trees; the moon was just sinking behind the clouds, throwing weird shadows on the water.

Was that a shadow, then, that white figure moving beside the lake?

I looked, wonderingly, prepared for anything, in my excited, overwrought state. As the dim light became stronger, it appeared to me that a woman dressed in flowing white draperies was walking there with faltering steps, sometimes wringing her hands together, as if distracted with sorrow; then, as I gazed, she vanished from my sight.

I returned to bed, trying not to dwell upon what I had seen, although my practical young mind revolted against any supernatural explanation of it.

"I must have imagined it," I thought, "unless it were one of the maids walking in her sleep."

When morning came I tried to attribute the vision to a nightmare, and shrank from speaking of it to any one.

The days passed quickly in a round of amusements, and Cuthbert Trevor was always at my side, ready to forestall my slightest wish. I could not bear to think of life without him, and felt what a blank existence would seem when those earnest eyes no longer met mine.

It was a happy time, such as never occurs twice in any life, and my cup was filled to overflowing when I first heard Cuthbert say:

"Stella, I love you!"

I can recall the scene as if it were only yesterday: we were standing under the shadow of a great weeping ash beside the lake, when he took me in his arms and told me all his love, in words which lie buried in my heart, far too sacred to be repeated here. How I loved him, my hero!

When I knew that the strong, faithful heart was all my own, life seemed as though it could contain no greater happiness.

It was then, at that blissful moment, that an icy shudder passed through me, as on my first night at the Manor, and a strange terror possessed me, which I vainly struggled against.

Then I saw, close to my side, the same shadowy, impalpable form, only now I could distinguish a wan face, with long, fair hair, hanging damp and wet about it, and blue eyes, with such an expression of melancholy as haunted my memory for many a day.

Raising a pale hand, the phantom waved it at us, as if in warning, and then vanished as suddenly as she had appeared.

I was spellbound, but Cuthbert was talking gaily, and so unmoved that I knew he had not seen anything. Was I, then the victim of some strange hallucination?

I could not speak, my lips appeared sealed, as I clung trembling to my lover's arms.

"You are shivering, darling," he exclaimed; "I must not keep you out in the damp any longer. I shall take you to Lady Romilly, and tell her what a treasure I have won," and he led me back to the house.

Our secret soon became known, and congratulations poured upon us. I was made much of by every one, and in the whirl of excitement all melancholy forebodings left my mind. Strange as it may appear, I felt that I could not speak to Cuthbert of what I had seen, although the second appearance of the figure impressed me more than I liked to acknowledge even to myself.

My cousins were delighted, and said that ours was an ideal engagement; indeed Lady Romilly said it was just what she would have wished for a daughter of her own, had she possessed one.

In the sad stillness of my present quiet life, I look at Cuthbert's ring upon my finger and recall my vanished dream. Can this weary, gray-haired woman, I sometimes wonder, be the same as that young girl, crowned with every blessing, and loved by the man who was the very ideal of all her worshipped heroes of romance?

My father came, at the conclusion of my visit, to escort me home, and to make Cuthbert's acquaintance; they were mutually attracted to each other, so there were no obstacles to the course of our true love, which ran smoothly on.

At last the day of our departure came, and although sorry to leave Oldtown, the scene of so much happiness, I rejoiced at seeing my dear mother again and hear her praises of my betrothed.

The farewells were long and tender; my cousins were loth to let me go, but promised to come to the Rectory in time for our wedding.

As we finally started I turned to wave a last farewell, and instinctively looked up to the window of the room I had occupied, and there I saw, to my horror, pressed against the pane, the same spectral face, wearing such an expression of mortal anguish as I hope I may never witness again.

I looked at my father and lover, but they were engaged in conversation, and remained quite unconscious of my blanched cheeks and startled manner.

* * * * * *

Cuthbert spent some weeks with us, and it was not until he had left and we had settled down into something like our ordinary quiet routine, that I took courage and related my weird experience to my mother.

I expected to hear a laugh or an exclamation of horror at my superstition. But, greatly to my surprise, she looked very grave and said nothing.

"Why, mother, you look as if you had heard it all before, and not one bit astonished," I cried.

"Well, dear, I have long known of the mystery of Oldtown Manor, but so many years have passed since the apparition was last seen that the Romillys hoped, and assured me, that the unquiet spirit was at rest. I believed so, or I should never have allowed you to go there, my child," she said, her voice trembling with emotion.

"Nonsense, mother; you don't really believe it was a ghost!" I said, feebly attempting to disbelieve the evidence of my own senses.

"I must," she answered solemnly. "Unfortunately there is no doubt as to the existence of this apparition; if only its consequences may be averted," she added, half to herself.

"What are the consequences? Come, now, mother, you have excited my curiosity, and I drew from her the following story:

"Towards the close of the last century Oldtown belonged to Sir Everard Romilly, who, having lost his young wife there, took a dislike to the place, and lived in London with his only daughter, who was one of the beauties of Queen Charlotte's court.

The Manor was shut up and left in the charge of an old housekeeper, who had been in the service of the Romillys all her life and was devoted to their interests.

Her orphan granddaughter, Phyllis Grey, lived with her, a lovely girl of eighteen, very well educated, as education went in those days, and of a modest, retiring disposition.

One day a letter came from Sir Everard, bidding the housekeeper prepare some rooms for the son of his friend Lord Kedaile, who was going to Oldtown, attended by his valet, for a few weeks' shooting and country air.

Mrs. Grey was much excited and pleased at the idea of once more entertaining a guest at the Manor, and received Mr. Kedaile with every possible attention. She herself was too infirm to do much for the visitor, and, as the two servants who comprised her staff were uncouth country girls, she made Phyllis wait upon him, believing, in her simplicity, that any friend of Sir Everard's must be a man of honor.

Unfortunately Harold Kedaile was one of the dissipated companions of the Prince Regent, and, though very handsome and fascinating, was selfish and unprincipled to the last degree.

He was deeply in debt, and obliged to leave town for a time, while his father arranged with his creditors, with a view to his becoming a suitor for the hand of the beautiful Geraldine Romilly.

He saw in Phyllis a distraction for the dull weeks of his enforced absence from his usual haunts, and she, young, inexperienced and innocent, was completely fascinated by the fashionable roue, who professed the most passionate love for her.

At last a secret marriage took place; Harold Kedaile signed a fictitious name in the register, believing that by doing so the ceremony would not be a binding one (but he afterwards discovered that this was not the case, and that it would render any marriage illegal).

When his stay at Oldtown came to an end, he had wearied of his low-born wife, and he hastened to town, where he paid the most assiduous court to Geraldine Romilly, trusting to chance to free him from his country entanglement.

Poor Phyllis drooped and pined as months went by and she heard nothing of her faithless husband. She had no friend in whom to confide her sorrows, and her grandmother, growing daily blinder and more childish and possessed of only one dominant idea (the unexpected return of Sir Everard to the Manor), paid no attention to her altered looks.

I have seen Phyllis' little diary, blotted with bitter tears, and telling the whole story in pathetic, broken sentences.

At last the time came when she felt that her marriage must no longer be concealed, and she wrote to Harold Kedaile a letter from her very heart, praying him to acknowledge his forsaken wife before it was too late, or at least permit her to tell all to her grandmother.

This touching appeal brought forth only the briefest and coldest of replies from her husband, bidding her meet him on a certain evening, under the ash tree by the lake, when he would see what could be done.

That day the housekeeper heard from her master of his daughter's engagement to Mr. Kedaile, and that they would immediately return to the Manor, where the marriage was to take place without delay.

As her old grandmother slowly spelt out the letter containing this crushing intelligence, Phyllis listened in horrified silence, almost doubting the evidence of her own senses.

Then she rose and glided from the room, to keep her appointment with her husband, and that interview she never returned.

Detectives were then unknown, and although a hue and cry was next day raised, no traces of the missing girl could be found.

The great event of Sir Everard's return took place within a few days of Phyllis' disappearance, and the fate of an insignificant country girl seemed of slight importance to any one but her grandmother, in the excitement that followed.

The Manor was filled with guests, and preparations for the wedding were pushed on with all possible speed.

The wedding day dawned dark and cheerless; the bride looked pale and melancholy in the morning, and in answer to her father's anxious inquiries she said that her sleep had been troubled by a terrible dream.

Her bridesmaids pressed her to relate it, and at length she said reluctantly:

"I dreamed that I was standing at the altar with Harold, but dressed in the deepest mourning; the church was hung with black, and the guests like the dead.

"The ceremony went on until Harold was about to place the ring upon my finger, and then a cold hand came between us and snatched it away. It all seemed so real, and I awoke feeling as if that icy hand were clutching at my heart," and she shuddered as she spoke.

It was a superstitious age, and the hearers were more affected by the narrative than they liked to show, but they laughed it off and led her away to dress her for her bridal.

The old villagers used to say that a lovelier bride than Geraldine Romilly was never seen, but the bridegroom was as the powder in his hair; his hands shook, and he glanced nervously about him as he stood at the altar.

The onlookers remarked that he had none of the triumphant air to be expected of a man who was marrying, not only the most celebrated beauty of her day, but also the greatest heiress in all England.

The bells rang out with a joyous peal as Harold Kedaile led his bride to the carriage, and his face looked less clouded; but as they reached the gate the wedding procession was suddenly confronted by another.

Four laborers were hastening through the park, carrying a ghastly burden on a rudely contrived hurdle; it was the body of Phyllis Grey.

Her long fair hair trailed upon the ground with water dripping from it, the blue eyes stared stonily into vacancy, one hand hung limply down.

"It is the cold hand of that dream," exclaimed the bride, as she shrank back,

looking to her husband for sympathy in her terror, but he was glaring at the body, with the wild, despairing gaze of one whose sin had indeed found him out.

"Turn your eyes away, Phyllis," he yelled; "turn them away, and I will confess all. Yes, you were indeed my wife, and I murdered you;" and breaking from those who would have restrained him he ran away, leaving the spectators transfixed with horror.

Geraldine sank fainting upon the ground, and a scene of the greatest confusion ensued.

That was an awful night at Oldtown Manor; the wind howled round the house, the thunder pealed, and vivid flashes of lightning lit up the room where the pale corpse lay; the same room where she had dreamed her girlish dreams of love, all unconscious of the terrible fate awaiting her.

In her desk they found ample proof of the truth of Esdaile's self-accusing words, and the wedding ring that she had never dared to wear in life was reverently placed on her cold finger ere they bore her to the old churchyard.

The next morning some shepherds, returning from the moor, brought word that in a snow drift, cold and dead, they had found the body of Harold Esdaile.

Nemesis had overtaken him as he fled madly from the consequences of his crime, and he had perished miserably, with only the night winds to sing his requiem.

Geraldine never recovered from the shock, and died within a few weeks of her fatal wedding day; her heartbroken father did not long survive her.

The Manor passed to a distant cousin, who did his best to hush up the whole tragic story; but poor Phyllis' spirit seems unable to rest, and has always appeared once to a generation, to some maiden of Romilly race; "and they say," here my mother's voice faltered, "that it portends a disastrous ending to that girl's love story. It has always been so hitherto. Oh, that I had never allowed you to go to Oldtown, my Stella; it was very, very wrong of me."

Her emotion impressed me, in spite of myself, though I tried to make a jest of it, and threatened to tell Cuthbert that she had been frightening me with ghost stories.

Our wedding was to be early in the New Year, and I was much occupied with my preparations, and had but few moments for anxious thought. Still there were times when the spectre's warnings would occur to my mind, filling me with sudden fear; but I was always reassured by Cuthbert's daily letter, telling me of his well-being and unaltered love.

* * * * * *

The settlements and other business detained Cuthbert in London until Christmas Eve.

It was a bright, frosty day, and I drove to the station to meet him,—but there had been an accident to his train, and so I never saw my darling again, and have lived through all these weary years, a sad and silent woman, whose joys are all in the past.

I never visited the Manor again, but believe that since it passed into a stranger's possession its spectre has not appeared to any one.

In Life and Death.

BY S. T.

ONE cold morning in February, 1810, a short, stout, commonplace-looking man, about sixty years old, entered the garden of an inn situated in the suburbs of Paris. Although the air was sharp and frosty, he seated himself near one of the tables placed out of doors, and, taking off his hat, passed his fingers through his long gray hair.

His hands contrasted strangely with the remainder of his person; they were small, white, and terminated in such delicately-formed pink nails as might excite the envy of many a young lady. Presently one of the waiters came up, and placed before him a bottle of wine.

"Not any to-day, thank you," said the old man; "I feel fatigued, and will just rest a moment."

"The best way to rest, monsieur," replied the waiter, gaily, "is to drink a glass of wine."

He drew the cork, and poured out some of the wine.

The old man rose and walked away. The waiter was a young lad; and it was with a confused and embarrassed air that he ran after the guest, and said:

"Sir, there is a credit for you at the Lion d'Or; if you have forgotten your purse, that's no reason you should lose your breakfast. To-morrow, or whenever you like, you can ask for your bill."

The old man turned, looked at the youth, and a tear sparkled in his eye.

"Thou art right, Jean," he replied; "poverty must not be proud. I accept thy kindness as frankly as it is offered. Help thyself to a glass of wine."

"I drink to your health, monsieur," said the waiter; and, having emptied his glass, he went and obtained some spiced meat, bread, cheese, fruit, and everything necessary for a tempting and nourishing repast; then, with native politeness, in order to lessen the sense of obligation to his guest, he said:

"When next one of your pieces is played, will you give me a ticket?"

"Thou shalt have two this very evening, my good lad. I will go and get them from Brunet, and bring them back to thee."

"The walk would be too much for your strength, monsieur; some other day, when you happen to pass by, will do as well."

"Thou shalt have a ticket to-day, for they are going to perform one of my pieces, "Le Demospoir de Jocrisse, at the Theatre des Varietes, and it may amuse thee."

"Ah, thank you, monsieur. What laughing I shall have!"

"Yes; the poor old man, who but for thy charity would not have had a morsel to eat to-day, will this evening entertain a numerous assembly. They will applaud his pleasantry, they will laugh at his wit, but none of them will inquire about his destiny."

"But, monsieur, do not your pieces bring you money?"

"Not now, my friend. In order to support life during the past month, I was obliged to forestall the resources of the present one. These are the only slender returns from my earlier productions, for now age and misfortune have robbed me of my former powers. I no longer offer any vaudevilles to the managers; for, although they accept them, and pay me, they never have them played. I perceive they only take them from motives of compassion, and as a pretext for giving me alms.

"Now, my friend, thou art the first from whom I have accepted charity, and thou shalt be the last. The son of Louis Quinze may have descended to write in the character of a buffoon, and, as it were, to set his wit dancing on the tight-rope of a vaudeville, but he will not become a beggar, were he expiring of hunger. You look as if you think I have lost my senses; but it is not so.

"Louis Dorvigny is the son of a king. My mother, the young daughter of Count d'Archambaud, died in giving me birth. My father was Louis Quinze. During my childhood and youth an invisible protector watched over me, and provided amply for my support and education.

"Suddenly the fostering hand was withdrawn, and I was cast on the world to work unaided for my support. I did so until the moment when the powers of both mind and body failed me. This is my history—a royal origin, success, reputation, almost glory; and it ends in a meal owed to charity! Adieu, and thanks; I will bring the tickets for the play."

So the old man departed; but as he stepped into the road he found himself intercepted by two or three cavalry regiments returning to their barracks after a review.

The band was playing a lively air, and in the midst of his troops rode, in the place of honor, a general dressed in a magnificent uniform, and mounted on a splendid Andalusian charger. Happening as he passed to cast a glance at Dorvigny, he uttered a loud exclamation of surprise. Without heeding his men, he stopped, jumped off his horse, and, taking the old man by the hand, saluted him with great affection. Dorvigny stared with astonishment, not recognizing his features.

"You do not know me! Have twenty long years caused Monsieur Dorvigny to forget his idle, good-for-nothing servant boy?"

"Jean Dubois!"

"Yes, Jean Dubois—Jocrisse, as you called him. You ought not to have forgotten me, for I served as a model of one of your happiest dramatic creations."

"What! my poor boy—Monsieur, I mean—you are become a General?"

"Precisely. While in your service I was a terrible destroyer of plates; now, in the Emperor's, I perform the same office for his enemies. How glad I am to have met you! During the two or three days I have been in Paris, I have sought for you in every direction, but vainly."

"I have no longer an abode."

"Then you must come and take up one with me,"—"general!"

"A general is accustomed to be obeyed. I arrest you as my prisoner. Go," he continued, addressing a soldier, "fetch me a carriage, and lead my horse home. Now, Monsieur Dorvigny, step in."

Half resting, the old man took his place in the carriage next the general.

"Do you remember," said the latter, as they drove on, "the day I left your service, because, as you told me, you were no longer rich enough to keep a servant? I tried my fortune in several situations, but did not find any master so lenient as you; so as a last resource, enlisted in a regiment.

"I was jeered by my comrades for my awkwardness, and for many months led an unhappy life—until one day we found ourselves at Bormio, in the Valtaline, facing a redoubt which opened a murderous fire on our ranks.

"The order was given to advance, and we rushed to the attack; but presently most of our men were mowed down, and those who escaped hesitated and drew back. I threw myself alone into the redoubt, shouting, "Follow me, boys!" They did so. The Austrians, astonished at this unlooked-for attack, fled, and we took twelve pieces of cannon. The same day I was made a sergeant; and afterwards, by degrees and the fortune of war, rose to the rank I now occupy. Perhaps I may get still higher."

Dorvigny was installed by the general in a pleasant apartment next his own, and for some time the old man enjoyed all the comforts and luxuries of life. At length his friend received an order to set out for Russia. During the first three months of the campaign, General Dubois sent letters and remittances to his former master, but they suddenly ceased, and one morning, from the column of a newspaper, Dorvigny learned that his friend had fallen at Moscow.

He was forced to leave his pleasant lodgings, and take refuge in an attic in an obscure part of Paris. There, after selling the coat off his back, overwhelmed with age and illness, he went to the proprietor of the Theatre des Varietes, whose fortune he had made, and begged for a small weekly pittance. It was refused. The old man smiled bitterly when the sentence was pronounced, and from that time he shunned meeting his acquaintances.

The bookseller Barba, who felt some friendship for him, sought him in various parts of the city, but in vain. A short time afterwards Barba happened to hear that in a mean lodging in the Rue Grenelat was lying, unclaimed and unknown, the corpse of an old man. With a sad presentiment he hastened thither. It was indeed Dorvigny—dead from cold and hunger, uncared for alike in life and death!

The son of a peasant, the awkward servant boy, became a general, and, after a glorious career, died the death of a hero; the son of a king, the charming poet, the bewitching dramatist, lived in poverty, and died the death of an outcast. Such is life.

ON THE OCEAN WAVE.—A well-known admiral has asserted that, even with a moderate gale and sea, an armor-plated cruiser, if going against the wind, will find herself in conditions similar to those of a storm—at least, the crew will have that impression.

The movements of the stern of the ship are violent and exceedingly disagreeable. The waves, pushed by the advancing prow, sweep continually over the ship from bow to stern. All windows and portholes must be closed, and air reaches the lower decks, when the heat increases unbearably, only through the artificial ventilators.

With the exception of the specially-protected command bridge, all the uncovered portions of the ship are impassable; thus the whole crew must bear as well as they can the inferno of the closed decks.

In such a ship no one can feel comfortable; and when there is a storm, in which a sailing ship would feel comparatively at ease, the crew of an armor-plated ship imagines itself to be in a heavy hurricane, which threatens destruction at every minute.

The long, narrow fore part of the ship—which is not borne lightly by the water, and is rendered extremely heavy by the ram and the armored deck, and the cannon and torpedoes—forces the ship in a high sea to pitchings and rollings which are of a kind that cannot be described.

STRAW hats are believed to have been first invented in Manilla.

Scientific and Useful.

INDESTRUCTIBLE FIRE.—Paper indestructible by fire has been invented in Paris. A specimen of it was subjected to a severe test—148 hours in a potter's furnace—and came out with its glaze almost perfect.

CONDUCTORS.—The best conductors of electricity—1, annealed silver; 2, annealed copper; 3, hard copper and hard silver; 4, annealed gold; 5, hard gold; 6, annealed aluminium; 7, compressed zinc; 8, annealed platinum; 9, annealed iron.

OILS.—A substitute for the oil of rose is being manufactured in Germany under the name of "rennoil." It belongs, it is stated, to the alcohol series, exists in the oil of geranium, and forms one of the principal constituents of oil of rose. It is economical in use, resists oxidation, and its odor resembles that of the tea-rose.

WEATHER WASTE OF COAL.—The mount of loss suffered by coal from exposure to weather is considerable—far greater, indeed, than is generally known. The results of recent analyses show in some cases a total loss in weight from this cause amounting to 33·03 per cent., while the deterioration in quality for purposes of fuel or gas-making reached a still higher figure.

HAIRCUTTING BY ELECTRICITY.—At a recent meeting of the Brooklyn Electrical Society, New York, an electrical comb which acts as a pair of shears and cuts the hair was exhibited in use. Across the teeth of the comb is stretched a fine platinum wire, which can instantly be made white hot by sending an electric current through it. A switch for this purpose is attached to the comb, and worked by the finger of the barber. On passing the comb through the hair the barber presses the switch and heats the wire, which immediately singes through the hair. The process is said to be less injurious to the hair than cutting with ordinary shears, as the natural oil is preserved in it by the singeing of the ends.

Farm and Garden.

COWS.—If a man loves his cows they are profitable, if not, they are kept at a loss. The same rule holds good with fowls or any other business; where a man's mind is, there is the profit.

ORCHARDS.—Very few orchardists give their trees enough fertilizer to insure the greatest success. Too many not only neglect to fertilize, but do their best to exhaust the soil by growing grain crops among the trees, or pasturing it at all seasons of the year till the soil is as hard as the public highway.

LAMBS.—Feed lambs for the best profit by beginning with them with great care, first using a small allowance and gradually increasing the ration until they can digest all their appetites crave. The point is to get them to eat the most grain possible in a limited time; this is sure to result in profitable mution.

POULTRY.—Most poultry yards that are well managed have enclosures in which the chicks can be fed. Sometimes these have a slatted fence through which a good-sized chick can pass, but by which the old birds will be kept out. Others are simply coops under which the youngsters can run. In some yards where there are chicks of several sizes there are enclosures into which only the small chicks can enter. Such chicks are kept away from the others, else they will run among the older ones and in the scramble for food be trampled upon.

SEEDS.—It is well known that winds play an important role in the distribution of seeds. Professor Bolley records that in two square feet of a three-week-old and three-inch-deep snowdrift upon an ice pond, ten yards from any weeds, he found nineteen wood seeds, and in another drift quite similarly situated thirty-two seeds, representing nine kinds of weeds. While the wind was blowing twenty miles per hour a peck of mixed seeds was poured upon the snow crust, and ten minutes after 191 wheat grains, fifty-three flax seeds, forty-three buckwheat and ninety-one ragweed seeds were found in a trench thirty rods from where they had been upon the crust.

SAVE MONEY, SAVE HEALTH, SAVE TIME, by buying Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant if you have a Cough of any kind. It is very useful in Whooping Cough and Croup. The best family Pill, Jayne's Painless Sugar-Coated Sanative.

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On Making Friends.

Were it only for the sake of the opportunities for companionship that are opened up, we should say to all young people, "Get into intimate association with people who are banded together for some common useful object." Classes, discussion societies, choirs, and all the varied forms of activity that aggregate round churches and chapels—who can estimate the secondary value of these institutions as a means of bringing people together, giving opportunities for introductions, and affording a choice of friends?

Nowadays a church will almost certainly have organized nearly every form of profitable or recreative activity, and no one can join in these common efforts and feel alone. Churches find social expansion in the form of entertainments, pic-nics, and other friendly gatherings. Or there are educational, literary, or political associations—a wide choice. If none of these are to your taste, there are clubs for all kinds of physical exercise. Any such aggregations of people of similar inclinations will give fuller scope for the development of character than a lonely and dull life can give.

One of the gaps in our social economy in town and country that all must have felt who have tried to be helpful to their fellows is a place of meeting for conversation, open to all, where people of all classes, young and old, can meet and have the kind of talk which we have around our own firesides—modified, of course, by the constitution of the audience present.

Now, if twenty people are gathered under one roof in a public place, it is to enable one or two to lecture the rest, or a few to entertain the remainder. The participation of the whole circle in easy conversation, that brings out individual character and thought in a casual way, is never attempted.

Take from the public-house the temptation to intemperance, and raise the conversation above the ribaldry towards which it so often turns, and the place supplies a want which no substitute that has ever been suggested makes any attempt to meet.

If there were centres for homely conversational gatherings, the problem of making friends would be answered for many unobtrusive young people. But there are no such places, except the public-house bar, and there the surroundings and a sense of fitness of things tend to confine conversation to the commonest of topics.

But young people of a not very earnest temperament, with no liking for sustained and few opportunities of enjoying congenial fireside chat, must find easy social relaxation somewhere. The various agencies we have named that tend to make solitary people known to others are not very complete in their operations; they are not specially designed for social ends, but they are better than anything else we have at present.

Of course we are not arguing that it is well to participate in the advantages of such social organizations as cluster round a church or chapel solely for the sake of the introductions and companionships that may ensue.

The special object of each enterprise of the kind is, no doubt, of high importance, and the best way of appreciating that fact is to come into personal contact with the work. But one may say, "Don't go into such circles for companionship, but go where companionship is."

If you doubt whether friendships and a wide circle of acquaintanceship can be gained by coming into contact with such associations of workers as we have named, look at the aging people you have known of both sexes who are unmarried and coming to the years when a solitary existence seems as threatening as in the days when home was first left and the struggle of life was beginning—as threatening and far sadder—and, looking at such people, whom will you find retaining a large circle of friends and keeping up that full share of human interests which takes the mind from the cares of age?

It will be the men and women whose lives have been blended with the lives of others through association in common public enterprises, who have known people by scores and by fifties because they have been active in good works. One is constantly seeing people to whom philanthropic and religious work has been, in this secondary sense, a godsend; it has in later years filled up their days, and taken from them the loneliness that would otherwise have been terrible. In a much smaller degree this may be realized by young people.

There is seldom any need why they should be wandering about in their spare hours, feeling themselves to be only units in the town where they live. Somewhere, if they will take the trouble to find where, there are bands of people similarly disposed to themselves trying in concert to do something towards which they might themselves give a helping hand, and in doing so escape from a solitary life. It does not follow that the work must be serious. It may be the special duty of the young "solitary" to become the best bat in a baseball team, or to sing the best song at an entertainment, or only to give encouragement to some movement by his presence and applause.

After all, there will, of course, be some grumblers and antipathetic people who will never make friendships. They are the counterbalance to the cheery attractive people who make friends everywhere. They will join a social club, and, finding nobody talks with them—probably because they looked all the while as if they did not wish to be talked to—they will sulkily withdraw. They will join a political association, only to discover that every other member is unworthy and insincere.

All the people who attend their church and work its many enterprises are proud. There is jealousy unbearable in their baseball or football clubs, so that they never have justice done to their capabilities. When they make a friend of some one who is attending the same classes as themselves, he either does so much better or so much worse than they at the examination that their acquaintance cools.

People of this kind cannot expect to have many friends; nor, however much one's surroundings may favor the formation of pleasant companionships, such associations must grow up slowly and naturally; affinities cannot be forced. Some men and women exist who seem mad to be almost friendless; but the number is not large.

For most of us it will suffice that we go where public-spirited people congregate; and there, if we wait long enough for our character to interact on the characters of other people, we shall find men and women who will be the complement of ourselves.

Life has long years; many pleasures it has to give in return for many which are taken away; and while our ears can receive the sounds of revelry, and our eyes are sensible of pleasant sights, and our bodies are conscious of strength, we deem we live; but there is an hour in the lives of all when the heart dies; an hour unheeded, but after which we have no real life, whether it perish in the agony of some conquering passion, or die wearily of sorrow; an hour which they may strive to trace, who say, "Ay, I remember I thought and felt differently then—I was a mere boy—I shall never feel the same again;" an hour when the cord is snapped and the chain broken on which depended the harmony of existence. Shout, little children! shout and clap your hands with sudden joy! send out the sound of ringing laughter over the face of the green-bosomed earth! From you the angel hath not yet departed; in your hearts linger still the emanations from the Creator—perfect love and perfect joy.

If we could trace out the needless suffering inflicted by men upon each other, we should find a large majority of it to be quite unintentional, involuntary, and even unknown to those who caused it. No plea in excuse is more frequent than that there has been no such purpose. Men forget that "Evil is wrought by want of thought As well as by want of heart." That they meant no harm to their neighbors or friends or the public is well; but their responsibility did not end there. They should have been very sure that their acts were as free from harm as their intentions.

Girls will find that to cultivate interest in everything harmless is to cultivate vivacity, expression, intelligence—things that are beautifying, that quicken the blood and send it freely to the surface. It cannot be considered extravagance to say that sweet temper and good humor are among the best cosmetics known.

Conduct is at once the aim and the test of all our learning, our thinking, and striving. The man lives most perfectly whose most constant happiness is found in the consciousness that, in doing the best he can for himself, he is also doing the best that he can for every being that is capable of having good done to it.

Taste, if it means anything but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean general susceptibility to truth and nobleness, a sense to discern and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever or in whatever forms and accomplishments they are to be seen.

There is often in one kind word, one look of sympathizing affection, or one small act of disinterested love, more of real nobleness of spirit than in actions which have rung in the ears and found an echo in the hearts of admiring thousands.

All that a man has to do in a place where he is a stranger is to bridle his tongue and his temper, cultivate good feeling and kind affections, and meet every advance of his neighbor with courtesy, cordiality and cheerfulness.

The habit of intellectual suspense is a most wholesome and valuable one, especially where the spirit and actions of another are concerned; and nothing tends more effectually to prevent unjust and cruel criticism.

To preserve a friend, three things are required—to honor him when present, to praise him when absent, and to assist him in his necessities.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

D. J. C.—A good fly-paper is made as follows: Boil together equal parts, by weight, of glue and treacle, and spread it, while hot, over common brown paper, with a brush.

Ignorance.—Sholum is a Hebrew word, and signifies peace. It is used by the Jews in their daily greetings and upon articles of jewelery it is equivalent to the donor's wish for the peace and happiness of the recipient.

O. F.—Hops are the flowers of the hop plant, a vine which grows to the height of twenty or thirty feet. The vines are cultivated in large fields, in groups of three or four, around tall poles, up which they climb. The flowers are picked when ripe, dried on hair screens in kilns, and packed in large bags or bales.

P. N. S.—The quarter-deck of a ship is the upper deck behind the mainmast. Naval etiquette requires all persons to salute on coming on the quarter-deck, and to conduct themselves in a decorous manner while occupying it. The starboard (right-hand side looking towards the stern of the vessel) in port and the weather side (that towards the wind) at sea are reserved for the use of the commanding and executive officers and the officer of the deck.

R. D. W.—It is not known exactly when mirrors were first made of glass. The Venetians coated them with mercury and tin more than 300 years ago, and mirrors coated with lead are mentioned in records of about 600 years past. Those used by the ancients were made mostly of polished metals, especially of bronze. They were usually small and round, and were fitted with handsomely-carved and ornamented handles. Many such have been found in Egyptian tombs. The Romans used those made of silver, and at a later date, a black stone, called obsidian, polished very highly and set into the walls as panels, was extensively employed by them. The Japanese still use small metal mirrors, resembling somewhat those of the ancients, and in Japan the bronze mirror and stand is sometimes the only furniture in a room.

J. E. P.—There is no cause for shame in not knowing the work of a French writer who was born more than three and a half centuries ago. Henri Estienne belonged to the French family of printers who issued from Geneva classical authors and Greek and Latin Bibles during the sixteenth-century revival of learning. The only work of his that you could now hope to procure would be his Apologie pour Herodote; and it is doubtful if you would be able to get that. It is not at all unlikely that Estienne found "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" a proverbial expression in his day. It certainly cannot be attributed to Sterne, although his use of it gave it a new literary currency. There is no way of proving that a writer who uses a proverbial expression does not invent it on his own account; but, when it is known that the expression has been used in a foreign literature, and is so well known that it is accepted as part of the national proverbial lore, and another writer, after traveling in that country, reproduces the expression without alteration, the common-sense presumption surely is that the traveler borrowed and did not create the sentiment.

G. H. V.—The authorities differ greatly with regard to the cause and extent of the Gulf Stream. It is supposed that the prevailing winds blow the waters of the Atlantic into the Caribbean Sea, while the Mississippi and other great rivers pour vast floods into the Gulf of Mexico. The only escape for this accumulation of water is through the Straits of Florida and the narrows of Bemini, whence it issues with such momentum as to form the Gulf Stream. The rotation of the earth is also supposed to have some effect upon the acceleration of its velocity. The rate at which the Gulf Stream flows is from one mile to five miles an hour. The action of the wind upon it is said to make a great difference in its velocity. Some geographers maintain that the Gulf Stream flows in a vast volume, of great depth, up past the southern point of Greenland and clear around to the coast of Norway. Other authorities dispute this theory, and maintain that the influence of the Gulf Stream does not extend much beyond Greenland. Investigations are now being pushed to settle this question; but it will probably be many years before it will be conclusively determined.

Anxious.—We think it is quite unlikely that the acquaintanceship will be renewed except upon terms that would be disastrous to yourself. We are at a loss to understand how you can persuade yourself that a continuance of the acquaintance is possible. Are you blind to the monstrous character of the man's behavior? He does not care for you a jot. Every action proves it. Were he in love with you, he would guard your good name with the utmost solicitude; but he thinks only of his own amusement, and does not care what suffering falls upon you. Try to look at the future honestly and to see the truth, which is that a continuance of your acquaintance with this unscrupulous man will with absolute certainty spoil your life. You may think, in your infatuation, that the future looks dark without the love of the man who has proved himself so unworthy of your regard, but it is all a mistake. If you act wisely, the chances are that in years to come, when you love and are loved by an honest man, you will look back shuddering on the time when you were in danger of casting hope away through a girlish devotion to a man who was quite unworthy of your regard. He is not the hero, but the villain of the piece. Take a little friendly advice and give the man a wide berth.

THE HELPING HAND.

BY W. M.

"On this dismal day and dreary,
Asking alms in humble way,
You are old, footsore and weary—
Here, I'll give you that to-day."

"For this aid so kindly given,
God will bless you much my lad,
To that fadeless wealth of Heaven,
This blest deed he'll surely add."

"Have you home nor none to shield thee?
Yes my boy a home of cheer,
That can friends and shelter yield me,
And not far away from here."

"There is endless peace and solace,
But no sorrow, pain, or sin,
Ah, there stands my waiting palace,
And I'll soon be moving in."

In Two Lives.

BY S. U. W.

IT was Mrs. Leslie Stanhope's dinner-party, and everything was ready, dinner was waiting; it was half-past eight, but Lord and Lady Grimthorpe had not arrived. Colonel Stanhope looked at his wife, and she in her turn looked at the clock—and fidgetted. Suddenly the door opened and Lord and Lady Grimthorpe were announced.

"We are horribly late, Margie dear, I'm afraid," said a low, steady voice. "I never make excuses, so——"

"I won't expect them," interrupted her hostess, "but now that you have come allow me to introduce Sir George Grey; he is to take you down."

Lady Grimthorpe held out her hand.

"I am very glad to make your acquaintance," she said quietly.

Sir George looked slightly astonished; he had heard a great deal about Lady Grimthorpe, and one of the many things said about her, was that her ladyship was cold as ice, and as uncompromising as only a Briton can be; he had hardly expected to be met half-way as this self-possessed young woman evidently intended that he should be.

She noticed his hesitation and smiled, though—in contradiction to her own words—she did not make the least effort to help him out of his difficulty. He offered her his arm as dinner was announced, and they went down in silence.

Lady Grimthorpe's neighbor on her other side appeared to know her well, and immediately plunged into conversation with her; Grey was unfortunate, the lady next to him was a stranger, and occupied with her own cavalier.

The only alternative was silence, and an exhaustive study of Lady Grimthorpe's profile—the latter occupation soon became monotonous, and by the time the fish was half over, Grey decided that her expression never varied, and he also decided to listen to her conversation. Her voice was agreeable; low, firm and clear, three good qualities—what is she saying?

"Hope of all evils is least. Yes, I suppose they mean it to be an evil, but I don't know. I'm an optimist; I never could be fashionable."

"By which piece of sarcasm you would infer that the majority are pessimists and cynics because it is the 'thing,'" said the neighbor.

"It was not intended for sarcasm."

"It was an uncommonly good imitation; but pour revenir a nos moutons, answer my question."

"Surely when all the philosophical tendency of the hour goes to prove that the happiness of the multitude will be the misery of the individual, I think the result must be that it is the fassion to be pessimistic; and my contradictory disposition will not allow me to be so."

"Are you contradictory?"

Lady Grimthorpe's neighbor had been addressed from the other side, and it was Grey who spoke.

"Did you hear?" she answered, woman-like pitting one question against another.

Grey pleaded guilty to having listened.

"For you see it was dull work doing nothing, and the only words you have honored me with were, 'I'm very glad to make your acquaintance.'"

Lady Grimthorpe laughed, but Grey noticed that she did not blush.

"I was glad to make your acquaintance," she said, "I never make phrases. I had heard much of you and wanted to verify my expectations."

"And did you?"

"Frankly, no."

Grey laughed.

"Perhaps you were disappointed?"

"You are a bad diplomatist, I see, for you practically admit the charge. However, I knew it without. Optimists are always disappointed."

"From which I gather you are a pessimist!"

"On the contrary—I am nothing if not an optimist, an idealist, a dreamer; and, as a result, my life is one great disappointment."

"You still believe in human nature?"

"You have asked me many questions to-night, Lady Grimthorpe, will you answer one?"

"If I can."

"You make cynical remarks to prove that you are single-minded, do you believe in human goodness?"

Grey had not thought it possible that any face could alter in one second like that of the woman beside him, and he was shocked to a superlative degree. She was silent for nearly a minute, then she said:

"If it was all bad and I believed it, I should die; I must believe in something."

Grey did not answer, and after a slight pause, his neighbor abruptly turned the conversation into another channel.

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The ladies had come up from dinner, and the usual buzz of small talk and gossip was going on. The latest fashion in fans, the latest tip for the next big race, the newest scandal of Lady A. and Mr. B., and so on.

Lady Grimthorpe stood near the fireplace, pulling on her long gloves in silence. She had never had a sister, and the chatter which came so easily to most other women, was an impossibility to her. Her admirers were apt to say that it showed her entire lack of frivolity; her detractors put it down to pride; in reality it was awkwardness.

Margaret Stanhope, listening to the long-winded gossip of the garrulous old woman she was entertaining, watched Lady Grimthorpe with affectionate admiration. She was very beautiful; her white satin dress fell in long, graceful folds, making lights and shadows; her neck was bare of any ornament—on idiosyncrasy of hers—but her fair hair was looped up with diamonds; her complexion was clear and soft, and her dreamy green eyes were liquid and gentle.

But who, looking at that cold, calm face, that stern, steady mouth, would have dreamed that this fair woman was not yet twenty-four? Mrs. Leslie Stanhope wondered—everyone wondered—what sorrow had come into that young life, what influ had been brought to bear on it. Something must have happened to make her so cold and so proud, so reserved and so unemotional! What was it?

Mrs. Stanhope's meditations and the old lady's unheard gossip were both interrupted by the gentlemen's entrance. Lady Grimthorpe hardly moved, but she was immediately appropriated by a tall guardsman.

Grey, sitting near, heard them discussing horses and dogs. His eyes traveled to her face, she looked just the same as at dinner when discussing the most scientific subjects. He almost felt vexed with her. Such calm many-sidedness was irritating; he decided he would like to wake her up, to impassion her, to make her fall in love; and then, frightened at his own thoughts, he plunged into a desperate conversation with the lady nearest him.

* * * * * *

Some two or three days later, when Rotten Row was crammed, both with riders and walkers, Sir George Grey and a young lady rode slowly up and down together; the young lady, whose name was Sybil Vincent, had been for some weeks a great deal in her society.

The world had already decided that they were to be married; though the chief persons interested, to wit, Grey himself and Miss Vincent, had probably never given it a thought. As they were together, a smart hack suddenly passed them at a canter, and the rider, who sat well, bowed gaily to them.

"That is Lady Grimthorpe," said Sybil.

"Yes, I was introduced to her the other day."

"Were you?" eagerly. "Tell me what do you think of her?"

"She is a friend of yours, I believe?"

"That is how people always begin to find fault. I will never forgive you if you do."

"I was not thinking of doing so. I was going to say that Lady Grimthorpe was extraordinarily attractive, but that I never jump to conclusions."

"You are so terribly cautious! Why, half the pleasure in life is to form a first impression, and then see how it works out."

"A woman's logic! I never said I hadn't formed a first opinion, I only refused to publish it."

"How unkind of you," exclaimed Sybil. "But at least one thing I can promise you, you will either fall in love with her, or hate her."

"Then I sincerely trust I may be the one to hate; it is inconvenient to love another man's wife."

"Besides, it would be so utterly hopeless. Lady Grimthorpe is the most devoted wife that ever walked."

"Dear me, how old-fashioned and uncommon. Do you know, that from being vulgar, I have come to the conclusion that conjugal fidelity is 'chic,' it is so rare now-a-days."

Sybil did not answer, and Grey, who was watching her with a cynical smile, asked suddenly:

"You know Lady Grimthorpe well?"

"Yes; at least——" correcting herself, "I have known her a long while. It is impossible to know her well. She is a Scotchwoman, and as reserved as it is possible to be."

"I like that."

"Do you? I should have thought you liked expansive people, you are so reserved yourself."

"I am intimate with no one, and no one is intimate with me, so that your remark is somewhat superfluous. If I were ever on intimate terms with anyone, I should give them everything, and want everything from them. But I like reserve towards the multitude."

"That is jealousy," said Sybil.

"Or selfishness. Most personal sentiments are."

"Sir George!"

"Miss Vincent!"

"Surely——"

"Dear little lady, when you have lived as long as I have, you will realise as I do, that not one single thought that enters a man's head is disinterested. At least, if you find it so, your life will be a much happier one than mine has been." Then laughing, he exclaimed: "There, now, I've shocked you quite enough for one morning. I'll go and pay my respects to Lady Grimthorpe."

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"DEAR SIR GEORGE:—

It would give us much pleasure if you would dine with us on the 24th at 8.15.

Yours very truly,

M. GRIMTHORPE."

It was a month after the ride in the park, and Grey's intimacy with Lady Grimthorpe had made rapid progress since; they had met everywhere, and the acquaintance seemed destined to blossom into friendship; this, however, was the first note he had ever received from her. "Three weeks ahead," said Grey, meditatively. Under some circumstances, he would have added: "Time enough for an answer," but, strange to say, this time he sat down and wrote off an acceptance. Then he lounged down to his club.

There were several men there, and they looked up with some surprise as Grey entered—he was not given to coming there.

"You are longer than usual in London this year," remarked one man.

Grey laughed. "It's the first London season I have had for ten years."

"Tired of roving," suggested the other.

"I am making character studies," Grey answered quietly as he went into the billiardroom.

The man looked after him and laughed. "That's an odd fellow," he said. "He told us the other day that he could not look back on any moment of his life in which he had been bored—and the oddest thing of all is, that it's not pose with him, it's true!"

"I don't think it's odd," said another, "he has more interests than anyone I know; sport, politics, literature, agriculture, traveling. He's a landowner, and his own master."

"It's a funny thing," returned the first speaker, "he's a big catch in the matrimonial market, and yet no one has ever even mentioned his name with a woman's. I don't believe it's in him to care. He's as cold as a fish, and as hard as iron; he's cynical and bitter, and yet he's got a heart like a child, as soft as possible, and as good as gold."

"Yes," chimed in the first speaker, "if ever he does love, he'll take it badly."

"Who is this gentleman, may I ask?" suddenly said the subject under discussion, as he strolled back again.

"Oh, a chap out at the Cape," remarked one man, with a ready lie. "All women are goddesses to him, he reverses them too much, to——"

"Make toys of them," interrupted Grey. "He must be a good sort, wish I knew him. I never yet knew a man who had not been in love a dozen times at least; and consequently I don't believe I ever knew one that understood anything about it."

"You do, perhaps," was the somewhat impertinent answer.

"No," said Grey, quietly, "I do not. I have never cared for any woman in all my life," and then he went out.

* * * * * *

On the afternoon of the same day, Sybil Vincent ran lightly up the stairs of Lady Grimthorpe's house, and let herself unannounced into the little drawingroom, where that lady was sitting.

"I've come to tea, Madeleine," she remarked. "I hope you have some, and that you want me."

"I always want you," said Lady Grimthorpe, kissing the girl. "Well, and what's the news?"

"Oh, there's lots!" exclaimed eager Sybil, throwing herself in a chair. "Papa has bought a new pair of ponies, and mamma and I have been driving them about all the afternoon, and doing picture galleries, and things; and mamma ordered me a new white ball-gown, and oh, Madeleine! isn't the Burne Jones at the New Gallery divine!" and Sybil stopped for want of breath.

"My dear Bib," laughed Madeleine, "what a child you are! Your jumble of ideas makes one quite confused."

"Madeleine, what's up?" said this versatile young lady, suddenly growing grave.

"Up, nothing. Why——"

"Oh, only because you are down!"

Lady Grimthorpe laughed.

"Now, Bib, that is only an excuse for a bad pun."

"No, it isn't. You are down."

"Well, it was unconsciously then; when you've been here ten minutes I shall be all right. Go on telling me about the ponies and Burne Jones."

"Oh, they'll keep. Hollos!" catching sight of a note on the writingtable. "What does Sir George Grey say?"

"You evidently know his handwriting very well to recognise it at this distance."

"I've got good eyes, and besides I do know it well."

"So it seems."

"Don't Mads——you are not a bit nice when you are severe."

"The whole of which coaxing simply means 'tell me what's in the note!' We have asked him to dinner, and he's coming. In fact, you will meet him here."

"I say, that's rather nice; you and he are getting on, you know. He's as proud as Lucifer, and he never pays any attention hardly to individual women, but I believe you see him every day."

"I like him, he is very agreeable," said Lady Grimthorpe, deliberately.

"Really, that is the first person I have ever heard you say you liked."

"Am I so critical?"

"There you go again, hard and severe. Do you know it does not suit the shape of your mouth, that is like a Cupid's bow or angel's wings, ordinarily; and when you say those things it goes quite stiff and drawn, like a Juno's mouth might be."

Lady Grimthorpe laughed.

"Ah!" exclaimed Sybil, "now you look right, why are you not always like that? I believe married life makes one sour—I shall never marry."

"I pity your husband should you ever get one."

"Far distant be that day; but why should he be pitied?"

"A Will of the Wisp would be more substantial."

"Really, do you know you—well, you are not civil."

"Are you? You tell me I'm sour."

"I told you you were sweet, the other day, and you were angry."

"I object to personalities."

"Why do you never talk about yourself, I wonder?"

"It strikes me I am always doing it. I have to live with myself for one thing, so I find other people more interesting."

Sybil did not answer, and after a second, Lady Grimthorpe continued:

"As you know Sir George Grey so well, will you tell me why you like him?"

"Dear Madeleine! what a big question!"

"Well, try at any rate."

"Well, he is clever; he knows a lot; he is kind and chivalrous and odd—yes, I think that's why I like him best, he is odd."

Almost as she spoke a hansom drove up to the door, and Grey jumped out.

"Speak of the demon," exclaimed Sybil, who had run to the window, and then stopped short as the door opened to admit first Lord Grimthorpe, and a moment

afterwards Grey. Lord Grimthorpe, a tall, rather good-looking man, some years older than his wife, shook hands with Sybil, and then asked rather abruptly for tea. He nodded to Grey, and then turning his back to Madeleine, drew the younger girl into conversation.

"You got my letter?" Grey asked, and when she nodded, he continued: "It was kind of you to ask me to dine," and then somehow he stopped, and followed the direction of Lady Grimthorpe's eyes. She was looking intently at Sybil and her husband, who were talking eagerly at the other end of the room. Sybil, bright and gay, was chattering fast, and Lord Grimthorpe was listening intently with a smile on his lips. There was nothing, though, to account for that look of pain—of pain so intense that it made Grey speak hastily, in order to divert her mind. She smiled, slightly, as she turned towards him—"Oh, I beg your pardon, I was absent-minded, what did you say?"

Grey had spoken at hasard, and immediately forgotten again, and so was consequently somewhat at a loss.

"I only talked some twaddle, I forget, but what I really do want to know is whether you have seen Irving in Richard III., because I have tickets. Will you come with me?—you and Lord Grimthorpe, and I will get Miss Vincent to make a fourth."

Lady Grimthorpe accepted, and was firmly persuaded in her own mind that the pleasure the proposal awakened was simply due to the prospect of seeing Irving—"Of course," she decided in her own mind, "he is in love with Sybil, he will be the eighth, how many more, I wonder?"

Sybil rose to go, and Lord Grimthorpe took her downstairs, and remained away.

"Sybil is very fascinating," said Lady Grimthorpe.

"Very," dryly.

"She is so clever and affectionate."

"She is your greatest friend, isn't she?"

"I have known her some years, yes."

"You don't call her friend?"

"I don't think I know what the word friend means."

"I think it means something more than love, and less than passion—your nearest and dearest in fact."

"Then I have no friends, but more than that, I think I can have no heart, for I have never felt the need of one."

"I wish," said Grey, impulsively, "you would be my friend, I have need of one, and you would be such a good friend."

Lady Grimthorpe hesitated, but only for a second, and then said quietly, so quietly that it made what would have been rude, only cold:

"The word friend does not exist for me, everyone is indifferent to me except those I hate—and," she added with a violent effort, "those I love—and they are very limited."

Grey shuddered, and rose to go.

"Good-bye," he said.

She gave him her hand.

"We shall meet riding to-morrow," she said, and they parted.

* * * * * *

The days sped by rapidly, Grey saw Lady Grimthorpe frequently; she was seen everywhere, and always appeared the same. She met him with frank friendliness, and showed an evident, if very guarded, pleasure in his society, but all attempts at intimacy were useless. She conversed well on many subjects, and took interest in many things; but on one subject her lips were closed and closed impregnably—herself.

It was a warm afternoon in June as Grey walked to her house about five one afternoon.

"Well," she said, with a smile, "here comes the heat, and the longing for country air."

"For country air," echoed Grey, with a start, "are you going away then?"

"On the 29th. Oh! it will be pleasant to breathe the fresh air, and to see the sun and the flowers. I feel very near Heaven at home in Hampshire."

"You are going there, then!"

"Yes, my husband's place is too far, excepting when we leave London for good, and besides, I prefer my own home. You don't know anyone who wants a fishing box, do you? My nearest neighbor, an old General Grant, has just died, and his widow wants to let the fishing, which is good, and of course she and I are anxious for nice people."

"Is there a house?"

"Yes, a cottage. However," handing him a letter, "there are the particulars."

"May I keep this?"

"Do."

"Ah!" turning to the table, and picking up a novel much in fashion just then, "you are reading this?"

"No, someone left it there, I was going to return it, by-the-bye, and disapprove of it enormously."

"So do I, the tone of the day is morbid and mawkish; excusing almost any sin for sickly sentiment."

"To my mind the philosophy of the multitude appears to be selfishness; it is the sin of the time," said Lady Grimthorpe.

"I am not sure that I agree with you; I thing that selfishness shows itself much to the fore, but the reason is not its increase, but that people have so much more opportunity of advertising themselves! Vanity is after all the ruling passion of men's minds."

"True; vanity, and love of amusement."

"You have neither," rose to Grey's lips, but he checked it instantly, and she resumed, after a second's pause:

"Why did you never marry?"

"I never knew any woman well enough, and I never saw one I wished to know well."

He got up as he spoke, and walked to the window, and a voice at that moment came up the stairs:

"Madeleine! Madeleine! where are you?"

"Here!" she cried hurriedly, getting up and going out of the room to her husband. Grey wondered idly why she did not stay where she was and wait for him.

"Where the deuce have you been to all the afternoon?" continued Lord Grimthorpe, his loud voice reaching into the little room. Grey could not hear Madeleine's answer, but a rough:

"The deuce with it all! Well, get out?"

Grey shivered and turned towards the door, expecting to see Madeleine in tears, but when she entered she looked exactly the same as ever, only perhaps a trifle paler. Too embarrassed to continue the conversation, Grey bade her good-bye, and left the house.

Moreover, he did not see her again till the day of her dinner-party, when the only words he had with her were as he was leaving:

"I go on Saturday, home," she said, "and you, I hear, have taken the fishing next door."

A man with three country seats in England, and two in Scotland, can hardly want a small Hampshire trout stream for one rod, so that Grey looked rather foolish as he muttered that he was very fond of fishing; and hastily took his leave.

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She was standing in her rose garden without a hat, wearing a pale blue cotton, and carrying a big basket in which from time to time she dropped a flower. She was so absorbed in her work that if the terriers, which swarmed on the lawn, had not espied him, Grey might have watched her indefinitely.

"Here you are!" she said, "well, isn't this paradise?"

"Truly I am in Heaven!"

A blush rose to her cheeks, the first he had ever seen there, and she smiled.

"It is lovely here, quite unsophisticated. Come and see the calves, I've got such beauties."

He assented gladly, the mere fact of being with her bringing joy unutterable to him. She was seen in a new light here, joyous as a child, a smile on her lips, talking with stockmen and gardeners, and surrounded by her animals.

Grey, who possessed a considerable knowledge of practical farming, was surprised and delighted at the moment she very well knew, and the evident interest she felt. By-and-bye she led him back to the house, a large rambling building.

"I was brought up here," she remarked, "and I am absurdly happy here, always."

"Even alone?" asked Grey.

"Oh yes, then most of all."

"Lord Grimthorpe is not here?"

"No, he stayed in town," and for the first time that day a shadow fell over her face. Was it longing for her husband? Grey wondered. No, surely not, else she had not said it were best to be alone.

They entered the house, where it was cool and pleasant, and Madeleine, throwing herself on a low chair, gave herself up to a long talk. Ever after, that hour remained in their memories as one moment of perfect bliss—nothing could ever spoil it.

The days sped by but too quickly; Grey fished religiously every day, and indeed the greater part of the day, but still, when Ambledon Grange is just ten minutes to walk, and you know that Lady Grimthorpe is on the lawn, or at least not very far off, there is certainly nothing so very wonderful if you spend at least an hour there every day. Madeleine did not talk much when they were together, she left that to him; but she was bright and sympathetic, taking a lively interest in everything which concerned him.

One day, about ten days after his arrival, she was very silent—almost listless—and absent-minded. It was evening, the shadows were beginning to fall across the lawn, and to throw weird lights on Madeleine's fair hair, and white dress. She looked wan and pale, and her lips were set harder than they had been since she had left London. Grey, who had come in to report an extra good day's fishing, watched her with wistful eyes, longing, and yet not daring to ask her "why."

"Shall I read to you?" he asked presently.

"No, oh no! I'm silly, but it's the old, old trouble again." Grey looked up in astonishment.

"Yes," she continued, "I thought I had solved them years ago, on my wedding-day, but it always crops up again, why should we barter the good things of this world for those of the next? The next! Why, we don't even know that there is one. Sometimes I long and hope that there is not."

"Lady Grimthorpe!" exclaimed Grey.

"I know, I know, but, oh! the sorrow, the pain, the suffering, and the degradation, nothing, no, nothing I can ever make up for it. Ah, forgive me! I had no right to talk like that, especially to you, who have shown me such unceasing kindness ——" (she was not looking at him, else the flush of sorrow on his brow had caught her eyes.) "I'm silly—go now, please. Good night! Oh, by-the-bye," as she turned towards the house, "my husband comes home to-morrow."

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Lord Grimthorpe had arrived; Grey knew it, he saw them in church on Sunday. He had not seen Lady Grimthorpe for three days—(for he had left her alone with her husband at first)—and now, how different she looked. It was not the bonnet, she had worn that last Sunday, and she had not looked so stern and cold then. What could it be? There was a look on that proud head from that he had not thought it possible to see upon it; it was as cold as marble, and as immovable. Could this be friendly, sympathetic Madeleine? He would go up to the Grange this afternoon and see her. He must know the meaning of it.

Lady Grimthorpe's drawingroom looked on to the garden, and one of the windows opened on to the terrace, so that you could walk in or out. Grey was accustomed to come this way, at Lady Grimthorpe's particular request. To-day, as he strolled slowly up he heard voices, and some feeling he could not describe, made him hurry.

He approached the window, and an exclamation of horror left his lips. Madeleine was seated with her back to the window, her hands clasped on her knees, and her head bent forward, whilst her husband, standing in front of her, was pouring forth a torrent of language, the foulness of which was such that Grey, man that he was, trembled.

The purport apparently was abuse of his wife, but he was somewhat incoherent; Grimthorpe himself was a horrible sight, his eyes were bloodshot, the veins stood out on his forehead like whip-cords, his fists were clenched, and his whole being was convulsed with passion. As Grey watched them, he raised his hand, struck his wife savagely several times—and left the room.

Madeleine dropped her face on her hands, and moaned slightly. Grey was horror-struck. Such language and such blows to Madeleine, a woman, and the one love of his life. Yes, another man's wife she might be, but it was useless denying it, she was his love.

With one bound, he was through the window, on his knees beside her, his arm round her, and a flood of loving, tender words pouring from his lips. Madeleine's hands fell from her face, and she started to her feet with a cry of agony.

"You!" she cried. "Have you seen? But I know you have, and heard. Oh! my God!"

She leant against the window-frame with heaving breast and wide, staring eyes, her hands clasped together. In moments of great emotion, frivolous thoughts flash through one's brain; Grey was only conscious of the dangling of a key she had on a bangle at her wrist—he hated those bangles for ever after. There was a long, long silence.

Grey broke it:

"Madeleine?" he murmured, "speak to me, I can't bear this."

"What is the good? Oh, my God! my God! have mercy on me, for I am very miserable!" she answered, rather wildly.

"Is he often like this?" Grey asked.

Then she turned towards him; he noticed in the dull way that everything seemed to affect him now, that her eyes were quite dry, she had shed no tears.

"He is always like that. Never a day but he is drunk, and when he is drunk—he beats me."

"Madeleine!"—very seldom had so much misery been compressed into one word.

"Ever since our wedding-day; just fancy—it has always been the same. Can you imagine it? The horror, the degradation, the cruelty!" He looks very stern now.

"Tell me," he says, in a cold, hard voice—a voice that she certainly had never heard from him. "Did you marry for love?"

"For love!" she exclaimed violently; "Oh no! I was sold."

"Sold?"

"Yes, this place was mortgaged, you know, and my father wanted to get it free again, and he used to play cards with Lord Grimthorpe (my mother was dead, you see), and he owed Lord Grimthorpe a lot of money, and one day Lord Grimthorpe threatened to sell him up, and father said, 'Is there no alternative?' I was there and heard it all, and Lord Grimthorpe looked round the room, and said—'Yes, one—there's that girl, she's beautiful. Let me marry her.' And father said—'It's hard!' so Lord Grimthorpe said—'The mortgage on this is four thou.' 'Yes,' said my father. 'Very well, I'll pay that too—on my wedding-day.' Father said—'Write it down.' Lord Grimthorpe did, and six weeks later we were married. I was just seventeen."

Madeleine had said this all in a low, steady tone, devoid of feeling of any sort or kind; it moved Grey more than the wildest expression of grief.

"My little girl!" he said, softly, and the tender tones in his voice were infinitely more caressing than the utmost protestations of devotion. "Surely, surely there is some remedy. I can't bear to see you the wife of that scoundrel."

"All these years I have kept it to myself. I have wrapped my soul up in reserve, and scorned that the world should know; we are even called a devoted couple, I believe. Do you think I would seek redress now?"

"Madeleine, is there no hope?"

"None." And her voice sank away with a wail of despair.

"Oh, Madeleine, mine, my soul, my love! Oh, the cruelty of fate!"

"George," she raised her hand, and laid it on his arm, for he had turned away, and hidden his face in his hands. "George, you must not weep for me. I never weep for myself. I am hard and cold, but I don't feel it, like at first; I am used to it."

"Oh, that you should say so! That is the worst," he cried, lifting a tear-stained face from his hands. She walked quite close to him, and laid her arms round his neck, and rested her head on his shoulder.

"My George, the only friend I ever had, the only man I ever loved; you have given me the happiest moments in my life, will you add one thing more to all the love you have given?"

"God knows, dear heart, what would I not do for you?"

"Dear love, it is very hard! it is to go."

"Madeleine!" the cry came from the deepest depths of despairing, heart-rendering sorrow.

"Yes, for ever. And one thing more, you must promise me to keep my secret as your own honor. None but you must ever know the desolation of my life!"

"I promise."

She still clung to him. "My love," she said, at length, "the memory of these happy days will help me face the darkest future. God bless you, dear!"

She lifted her head, and let him kiss her lips, then tore herself away from him, and—fled.

* * * * * *

For Grey the night that followed was one of those moments in a man's life, when even sorrow is merciful; he was stunned. Had he not been so, I think his brain would have given way, but grief has its limits, and worn out body and soul, he slept.

When he awoke the next morning, it was late; and a note which had come for him lay on his table. It was from Madeleine and contained but a few brief lines to the effect that Lord Grimthorpe was leaving that morning for Scotland, and she herself was going to stay for some time with the Vincents, and would start

the next day. It solved every difficulty: for now he would not see her again, and yet could stay on there, and so circumvent the gossip which must surely otherwise take place.

A thousand times he went over the scene of yesterday, and indeed every material incident of his life during the last few months, only with too painful an accuracy could he recall every detail of, what he now would always think, the golden dream of his life.

He remembered how when he first met her, he had marvelled at her composure, and wished he could transform her through love. Idle wish, so terribly realised! How sorry he was, for her sake, that he had come into her life; but no, she had said that the memory of those months would help her face the future. Oh, if this went on he would go mad! He must banish thought. He must bestir himself.

He decided to stay one more week, and then to go North; he would have lots to do on his own estates, and then perhaps people would invite him, and the world would distract his thoughts. He could not stay alone, he must get away from himself. Well, he must make the best of it. Poor Madeleine!

* * * * * *

Grey had been spending Christmas with the Vincents. The summer had faded into autumn, and that too had passed away into winter; now he was here. He had not heard from the Grimthorpes since July, and perhaps this invitation was accepted in the hope of getting news. If so, his desire was gratified; Madeleine's name fell from Sybil's lips fifty times a day, and every detail that it was possible to get, was at Grey's command.

His heart was very heavy, each day almost made it harder to bear. Streaks of white were beginning to show in his hair; and he who had never known one weary hour, grew listless and nervous.

He had written at Christmas to Lady Grimthorpe, a gentle, kindly letter, quite impersonal, though teeming with respectful devotion; and he expected (almost against his better judgment) to get an answer.

And the answer came. On the last day of the dying year, dated from Ambledon, it ran thus:

"I was very, very glad to get your letter, my dear friend; and I am writing to you with an extra pleasure because my letter will find you staying with the Vincents. They are kindly people, and Sybil is one among a thousand. Many thanks for your good wishes, they were from a true friend, and as such they were very welcome. I have thought of you often, and I wish I could think of you in a happy home of your own. Why do you not marry? It is bad for a man to lead a roving life such as yours.

"May God bless you, and keep you in this New Year.

"Yours ever sincerely,
"M. GRIMTHORPE."

Grey dropped the letter with a sob, and then, it was no use, he hid his face in his hands, and sobbed like a child. Complaints and sorrowing would not have acted on him like this bravely-written note. The Spartan spirit which held out so uncomplainingly, and tried to hide its own sorrow, touched him to the heart's core. It was only with a violent effort that he checked himself, and re-read it.

One sentence struck him—

"Why do you not marry?"

Although his love for Madeleine was of such a high, almost unselfish standard, that marriage with another woman did not seem to him such an impossibility as it might under other circumstances; and, after all, he mused, if she (the not improbable wife) was nice, he would be happy.

Indeed, anything would be better than these months of prolonged agony he had just gone through. Ah!—with a gasp of pain he flung the letter into a box, and went down into the smoking-room.

* * * * * *

Time was drawing nigh when Grey would have to leave the Vincents. He felt a strange reluctance to do so. These weeks had given him back something of his old love of life. Brooding is bad for anyone, and—but there! how eyes had caught Madeleine's portrait, and the old agony was just the same—the passion, the love, the misery, the despair! Oh, my God! would it never, never end? Yes, it should, he would crush it, kill it, live and be a man again—he would! marry you—he would marry Sybil!

As these thoughts chased themselves through Grey's brain one evening, he suddenly came to the conclusion that he was not alone in the room. He started, and found Sybil watching him.

"You were absent!" she laughed. "I have been watching you quite ten minutes."

"Forgive me," muttered Grey, and then armed with his new resolution he plunged forthwith into his fate.

"I am going to-morrow, you know."

"Yes."

"If I ask you——" he stopped.

"Yes."

Would she answer nothing but monosyllables? "Sybil," desperately, "I am going away, but when I come back in the spring, I—I shall want to ask you something, will you answer me?" No answer. "Sybil!" Still silence. "Sybil, do you want me to come back?"

"I don't know."

"Answer me!" He had taken her hand in his.

Suddenly she turned and faced him, two lovely eyes raised to his, and filled with tears.

"Yes."

"God bless you, dear innocent child!" he answered, and bending his head he kissed her forehead; he did not see her alone again—and the next day he left her.

* * * * * *

"I have come," Grey said, as one morning he walked into Sybil's own little room. she blushed.

"Yes, it is spring," she answered.

Grey laughed, and turned towards the window; the April sun was pouring in, and the fresh green of the leaves was just showing.

"Where have you come from?" she asked.

"London. I walked from the station."

"It's nice down here, the flowers are so forward."

"Sybil!" he cried then, "what nonsense we are talking. You know why I have come."

But Sybil was taken with a sudden fit of shyness and would not speak.

"Answer me," imperatively.

"You said you were coming."

"And you believed in me?" There is an odd look in his eyes, he is wondering whether she would still bid him stay if she knew it all, and that however dear she might be to him, she would still only be second best.

"Of course I did," was the prompt reply.

"Then you are willing to share my life?

"For ever and ever, until death us do part," she said, lifting her faithful, trusting eyes to his.

He put his arm round her and kissed her, tenderly and chivalrously.

"My Sybil!" he said with infinite tenderness in his voice. "I am not good enough for you. You are very dear to me, but it is not a boy's unsullied love that I can give you."

"No," said Sybil, quietly. "I never expected it, but you will care for me, and above all, you will let me love you, and I have wanted to do that all my life."

"My Sybil! I wish I were worthy of you," was all that Grey could say, tears choked him.

* * * * * *

Madeleine Grimthorpe was alone at the Grange when the news came of Sybil's engagement to Grey. Her brutal husband had left that morning for Monte Carlo, after a bout of drunken cruelty which had driven Madeleine to the length of locking herself for protection in her room.

The winter had dealt hardly with her, and the never-ending pain which still gnawed at her heart was driving her to depths of despondency, such as even in the early days of her marriage had not assailed her. The one bright spot in her life, Grey's companionship, she dared not indulge in, and though, as she had told him, his love helped her to face the future, yet she felt it in itself a degradation.

The two letters, one from Sybil, and the other from Grey himself, announcing their marriage, arrived by the same post. Madeleine opened them, and read them mechanically from end to end; then she rose, and, walking steadily to the window, she threw it open, and went into the garden.

The room stifled her. Grey's letter was of the shortest, with no comment of any kind; Sybil's was overflowing with love and happiness. For over an hour Madeleine paced the lawn, the wind blowing on her bare head, her hands clenched and her teeth set in silence. Then, at last, she turned once more towards the house.

"There," she said, "that's over. God give me strength to face life now. Oh, Sybil! would I could say I was glad about your marriage."

They were married in June—and it was whilst on their wedding-tour that Grey read in the newspaper the account of Lord Grimthorpe's death, from an accident. So Madeleine was free at last. Alas, poor Madeleine! too late! And Grey? If he felt it the world never knew, for Madeleine's sake. Perhaps Sybil did, who knows? Perhaps that was why she loved him so.

WRONG THEY CAME.—"Tipping the wink," [illegible] brass generally regarded as [illegible] It is to be found in a grave historical romance. It occurs in "Valerius, a Roman Story," by John Gibson Lockhart, Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, and for many years editor of the Quarterly Review.

"Hauling over the coals" dates six or eight centuries back, when feudal barons often used harsh methods of extorting gold from the rich Jews by suspending their victims above slow fires until they paid ransom or died. There is a scene of this kind in "Ivanhoe," in which the Templar endeavored to extort money from Isaac of York, father of Rebecca.

Anxious mothers often tell their handsome daughters that "beauty is but skin deep." The phrase probably originated with these two lines:

"Beauty is but skin deep, and so doth fall
Short of those statues made of wood or stone,"

which occurs in one of the Reverend Robert Fleming's poems, published in 1691.

The term "blue-stocking" was originally used in Venice about the year 1400, to designate literary classes by colors. In Mill's "History of Chivalry," we are told that members of the various academies were distinguished by the color of their stockings, blue being the prevailing color. The application of the term to women orginated with Miss Hannah More's admirable description of a blue-stocking club in her "Bas Bleu."

"Corporations have no souls" is a much older expression than most people imagine. It originated with Sir Edward Coke, who, in the sixteenth century, was considered one of the best legal writers of the age. He says in one of his treatises—

"Corporations cannot commit trespass, nor be outlawed, nor excommunicated, for they have no souls."

There are few such common sense proverbs as "Every man is the architect of his own fortune." Appius Claudius, a Roman censor, used it in a speech delivered by him four hundred and fifty years before the Christian era.

"Better late than never" was used over three hundred years ago by Thomas Tucker, in his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry." Later on, we find Bunyan using it in "Pilgrim's Progress."

LEFT TO CHANCE.—The Count de M. lived in a state of single and independent blessedness. He was yet young, very rich, and was surrounded by everything which could give enjoyment to life—except a wife. He had often thought of marrying, but had always declared off before the knot was tied.

Once, however, he found himself nearly caught. A young lady, the daughter of one of his friends, pleased him—her fortune pleased him, not less, perhaps, than her person and accomplishments, and there were very many reasons to justify the union.

The Count, who had so frequently made the first step towards matrimony, but so frequently drew back, had not yet decided on the course he should adopt in this case; he had promised the friends of the lady repeatedly, but had made no outward sign of performance.

His future mother-in-law, knowing his weakness, boldly demanded whether he would or not marry her daughter, and requested an immediate reply.

At this moment his fears and hesitation returned with more force than ever—he trembled at the consequences. To give up his cherished habits of bachelorhood was almost impossible.

He resolved to appeal to chance, and wrote two letters—in one he accepted the hand of the lady, in the other, refused it. He then put them into a hat, and called his servant.

"Take one of those letters," he said, "and carry it to the chateau of——"

"Which letter, sir?"

"Which you please."

The servant selected a letter, and the Count burnt the other without opening it.

A century seemed to elapse between the moment of the man's departure and that of his return. The count was almost beside himself with nervous excitement, not knowing what was to be his fate. Finally, however, the domestic returned. He had carried the letter of acceptance, and Count de M. is now the happiest Benedick in France.

At Home and Abroad.

The growing scarcity of fur-bearing animals suggests to a writer in a London paper, the feasibility of breeding such animals on farms in Siberia. Last spring, he says, a single silver fox skin sold in London for $800, and he believes that silver foxes, as well as many other desirable fur-bearing animals, could be bred in great numbers in the proper climate.

The London Times prints a hitherto unpublished letter written by William M. Thackeray when he was at the Clarendon Hotel in New York, April 5, 1853. In it he says: "I have come here from the South not so horrified as perhaps I ought to be with slavery, which in the towns is not by any means a horrifying institution. The negroes in the good families are the happiest, laziest, comfortablest race of mortals. They are kept luxuriously [illegible] working time and cared for most benevolently in old age."

The French Touring Club has asked the Minister of the Interior to approve of the following rules: "1. The cycle is a carriage. On the approach of other vehicles it must keep to the right of the road if meeting them, or to the left if passing them. 2. Every cycle must be provided with an alarm signal; complete liberty is left to the owner as to the choice of the signal. 3. A lamp is compulsory after nightfall. 4. Cyclists will be authorised to ride on the footpaths at those parts where there are no houses; for example, in the country; but special prohibition by the Mayors of the various communes must be observed."

It has been reserved for a Dutchman to carry the penny-in-the-slot machine to its extreme limits. He has invented an automatic physician. In appearance the machine is a dignified metal man, the front of whose waistcoat is pierced with a number of openings, over each of which is inscribed the name of one of the commoner ailments to which humanity is subject. You put a penny in the slot set apart for your particular illness, and out pops a small packet of medicine. This automatic doctor may be consulted by the sound as well as by the sick, for one of the slots delivers a "refresher and tonic" distilled from wholesome herbs. This idea is certainly ingenious.

The sons of the Emperor of Germany are being brought up to respect the value of money. The Empress sometimes takes her three eldest boys with her when she goes upon shopping expeditions, the children being allowed to spend their pocket money as they please on these occasions. Some time ago they were buying presents at a large shop in Berlin. One of the princes chose an article which he wanted, immediately afterwards going to the cashier's desk and paying for it. His mother asked him if this was all he wished to buy. "No," he replied, looking most businesslike, "but I prefer to pay for everything separately, so that I shan't spend more than I've got." Surely this speaks well for the child's future.

A number of ladies in the Danish capital have started a movement for providing a home in the centre of the city for the many women who are engaged in various business pursuits. There will be large and comfortable reading-rooms, and special efforts will be made to provide good nourishing food at a moderate charge. Many of the young ladies who are engaged in business have poor pay, and often only a very limited time allowed to them for dinner, so that they frequently remain in their offices or shops during their dinner hour, and only have a sandwich or some other insufficient repast. For such, who, as a rule, live at a considerable distance from their business place, the home should be a great boon.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a [illegible] disease, requires a constitu[illegible], acting directly upon the [illegible] surfaces of the system, [illegible] the foundation of the [illegible] the patient strength by [illegible] tution and assisting nature in [illegible] work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any [illegible] that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Our Young Folks.

THE EMPEROR'S RIVAL.

BY M. A. C.

MOPPET was in a state of excitement. Uncle Roger was coming to The Grange—the uncle who had not seen [illegible]

[illegible] had often told her how [illegible] to the day of her christening, and had clasped around her neck the pearl necklet that had been Auntie Nell's before she died.

Moppet had seen the pearls sometimes, but they had never been removed from their bed of faded satin since that day. They were very valuable, mother said, and would do for her to wear when she was a grown up lady.

"Then I shall have a satin frock with a train, and feathers in my hair, and go to London to make my curtsey to the Queen," said Moppet one day. And Mrs. Daryl laughed and nodded.

Moppet was very busy on the day that Uncle Roger was expected. She dusted the furniture in her dolls' house and tidied her toy cupboard.

There were a few dolls in the cupboard, and Moppet sighed over them, for they were all damaged.

The Paris lady, who had been lovely a year ago, now had a head like a mop, no arms, and only one leg.

The big baby-doll was useless, for her head had disappeared. Dutch Kitty, the woolen one, was Moppet's favorite, for she had such an expressive face, though her nose seemed to be turned the wrong way up.

She and Moppet often held long conversations together, and the child felt sure that Kitty frowned jealously when they were interrupted by the Emperor.

The Emperor was Moppet's especial pet. He was a knowing little dog, with bright eyes, and a white coat, with black patches on it here and there.

He was vain of his appearance and of his leather collar, on which his name and address were engraved on a silver plate. He treated the dolls with quiet scorn, and it seemed that Moppet lived to minister to his wants.

Moppet was playing on the lawn with her dog when Uncle Roger arrived. She came skipping round the carriage while he alighted, and handed out mother, who had been to the station to meet him. Then he turned and saw the rosy cheeked, blue-eyed little girl, and he lifted her in his arms.

"Is this Moppet?" he asked. "What a rosebud of a thing to be sure!" Moppet fell to loving him instantly. He had a pleasant face, and kind eyes, and hair streaked with white.

He carried her into the drawing room, and kept her beside him while mother poured out tea. Moppet liked to have tea downstairs, and to-day the cakes were especially dainty.

By-and-by she introduced the Emperor to their visitor, and that small despot commanded to accept a macaroon from Uncle Roger.

"And how are your dollies? I suppose you have heaps of them," said the new friend.

"No"—sighing. "I gave two away to the lodge keeper's children, and now my baby doll is broken, and the others are invalids. Shall I bring one or two to see you?"

Uncle Roger nodded, and Moppet flew to the nursery, disarranging her neatly-placed toys in her haste. She placed a few treasures on a small board and carried them downstairs, but the emperor remained in the nursery in defiance of coaxing or command.

Uncle Roger gravely examined the invalids. He shook his head over the Parisian, and smiled at Dutch Kitty, who sat on the board in an aggressive attitude, with one leg sticking up in the air.

"I fear these poor ladies are past repairing," he said; "but perhaps I can find a substitute. Nan dear"—to his sister—"there is a small wooden case amongst my luggage. "If you will kindly order it to be brought in——"

Moppet's cheeks grew pinker as the case was brought into the room, and the nails removed in obedience to her uncle's orders. When the lid was raised, only paper shavings were to be seen, then came layers of tissue paper, and lastly a doll's cradle, containing the most perfect specimen in dolls.

It was not very large, but the limbs were beautifully modelled, the face softly tinted, the hair as silky as Moppet's own. Dolly had real eyelashes, ivory teeth, and she could call for papa, mamma, or nurse. Moppet was delighted, and her gratitude was expressed in soft hugs and kisses with which Uncle Roger seemed well content. The new beauty wore a smart nightgown, but her wardrobe was contained in a miniature trunk.

"What shall you call her, dear?" asked mother.

"I'll have to think about it," returned Moppet gravely.

She thought about it all evening as she sat nursing her treasure. Dutch Kitty glared at her from the corner where she had been thrown; the Paris lady sighed in the cupboard. They were used to neglect, but the Emperor could not understand it.

He took his supper sulkily, eyeing the doll vindictively at intervals. Moppet dressed and undressed her, talked to her, kissed her. The Emperor had believed that Moppet's kisses were sacred to her mother and himself.

"Nurse," said Moppet when she was settled in bed, "please put the cradle on a chair beside me, so that I can see dolly when I wake. Perhaps I shall dream of a name for her."

She turned her face so that she could see the cradle through the rails of her cot. The Emperor whined at the door. Moppet had forgotten to wish him good-night. Nurse heard him, and drove him off to his basket in the day nursery.

Moppet awoke early in the morning, and jumped up in bed to look at her treasure. The cradle was on the chair where nurse had placed it, but the dainty coverings were tumbled, and the doll had disappeared.

The child's screams brought nurse into the room, and she found Moppet sobbing wildly at her loss. Nurse soothed her, and began to search about the room, but there was no trace of dolly. The day nursery was searched also, without success.

Moppet could eat no breakfast that morning. The Emperor put on his dignified airs, and fawned humbly around her, but she would not notice him.

To Dutch Kitty she whispered her tale of woe, but that young person looked rather pleased than otherwise, or Moppet fancied so.

She went downstairs by-and by, but her mother and uncle were at breakfast, so she strolled into the garden until they should be disengaged. The old gardener saw her approaching, and came to meet her, looking very cross.

"Miss Moppet, that there dog of yours has bin a scratching by my rose-trees again. I never see such a destructive animal. I must ask the mistress to chain him up, I must."

"Oh, Johnson, he hates to be fastened up," cried Moppet.

"Well, just look ye here," grumbled Johnson, walking off in the direction of his cherished rose trees. "He's been a-buryin' of his old bones again, and he's always doing it. But this time he's scratched a deeper hole than common.

Moppet looked at the disturbed earth as the old man began to turn it over with a rake.

"I'll scold him well, Johnson," she promised. "If he—why, what's that?"

The rake had brought to view something white—a scrap of lace, it looked like. Moppet sprang forward, grubbed away the soil with her hands, and soon uncovered her lost doll, in its lace trimmed nightgown.

Dolly was a little tumbled and dirty, but when Moppet had brushed away the clinging earth from the pretty face and hair, she did not look much the worse.

"To think of that naughty Emperor burying my doll!" cried Moppet. "He must have been jealous. I must go and tell mother about it."

Mother and Uncle Roger were leaving the breakfast room when Moppet reached the house, and both were much amused at her story.

"Shall you punish the Emperor, dear?" asked her uncle.

"No, uncle. He was jealous because I neglected him. He never tried to bury kitty. It wasn't fair of me. People shouldn't forsake old friends."

"Right, little woman," he answered, patting her cheek.

When Moppet took her doll to the nursery, the Emperor slunk into his basket, but she called him and lectured him gently.

"I won't make you jealous again," she concluded. "Shake hands with the Empress. That is her name, and you must be her friend. Promise me that you will."

The Emperor gave the promise with his soft intelligent eyes. He must have understood, for he kept it nobly.

ROYAL AMUSEMENTS.—Though it might be thought that the royal ladies of Europe are very superior personages, a near acquaintance with them reveals the fact that they are, after all, very human and womanly.

Someone, who has been at great pains to find out what their favorite amusements are, has managed to unearth certain little known peculiarities, which are especially interesting for the season that they rarely find mention in the Court Circulars or the letters of foreign correspondence.

The Queen of England has two hobbies, which she pursues even now, despite her feebleness. One is music, the other languages. As a young princess, her Majesty was noted for her sweet voice and her excellent touch upon the piano.

It is not at all exaggerating to say that in both these respects she was more than an extraordinarily good musician. Though rheumatism prevents her playing now, she still retains her love for harmony, and enjoys nothing more than a quiet musical evening.

At least half a dozen European languages have been mastered by the Queen; and she has taken pride also in obtaining close knowledge of certain German dialects. It is well known, too, that within recent years her Majesty has succeeded in acquiring more than a mere acquaintance with Hindustani.

Like her royal mother, the Empress Frederick of Germany is a fine musician, and she has made use of the melodies of her childhood to assuage the sorrows that the years have brought her.

Not only has she been interested in musical matters ever since her girlhood, but she is also a very fair artist, and, had she not been born to the purple, there is little question but that her painting would have brought her name and fame.

Turning to Russia, the Dowager Empress of Russia is an expert needlewoman and spends all the time she can spare in embroidering.

There is hardly a family connected with the Russian royal house by marriage or kinship that has not some specimen of her handiwork. Her daughter in-law, the Empress Alix, though she is not wanting in artistic tastes, has developed no particular hobby as yet.

Queen Margaret of Italy is a keen theatrical critic, and the patroness of everything relating to the stage. She also takes much interest in linguistic matters, and it is a point of etiquette with her to always address her visitors in their own tongues.

Cooking is the fad of the Crown Princess of Sweden and Norway, and there is a pleasing story to the effect that some years ago this royal young woman, while on a visit to Berlin, went down into the great kitchens of the old palace, tucked up her dainty sleeves, and began making various concoctions for the old Kaiser, her grandfather, who was mightily tickled at the attention, and enjoyed his meals during her visit more than he had for a long [illegible]

The Queen of Denmark, mother of the Princess of Wales and of the Dowager Empress of Russia, would have made her fortune as a professional milliner. All her daughters have, to a certain extent, inherited this taste; and the Princess of Wales in particular is indebted to her royal mother for the admirable taste she has always had in matters of personal [illegible]

Years ago the Empress of Austria used to hunt unceasingly. She kept it up, indeed, until her health broke down. What was even more remarkable, she "broke in" her own horses, and did it to such good effect that she became very nearly the best mounted woman in all Europe. Since her health has failed she has devoted her energies largely to travel and to studying modern Greek.

THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.—A minister in the south of Scotland had a good old lady parishioner, who, to show her affection for her spiritual shepherd, sent him every morning, by the hands of her daughter, a couple of what she wished him to understand were new-laid eggs for breakfast. The eggs on being delivered were generally warm, as if just taken from the hen's nest; but one morning, the minister's maid on taking the eggs from the girl, observed—

"The eggs aroun' warm the day, Jeanie; are they fresh?"

"Oh, ay," said the girl, "they're quite fresh, but my mother couldna get the cat to sit on them this morning."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Utah's juries now consist of eight instead of 12 men.

A Chicago thief recently stole soda water fountain.

There are now in the United States 691 national banks.

The bulk of the silk used in Lyons for dress comes from the East.

Unvaccinated persons are not permitted to vote in Norway.

Next to the diamond, the hardest precious stone is the ruby.

In Siam the coins are made of porcelain; in Japan, chiefly of iron.

New Zealand offers $1000 for a practical scheme for destroying rabbits.

A grocer in Chaplin, Ky., found a diamond worth $70 in a barrel of sugar.

The first needle factory in the United States is soon to be established in Chicago.

Coal is dearer in South Africa than in any other part of the world; it is cheapest in China.

New York has an Irish population of 190,418, the largest of any city in the United States.

A hog weighing a trifle more than 1000 pounds was killed at Rye, N. H., a few days ago.

Private companies in Japan have submitted to the Government plans for over 3000 miles of new railroads.

Columbus, Ky., has a practically uneducated Baptist preacher who can recite every chapter in the Bible.

It is computed that there are in London some 50,000 families in such a miserable plight that each family has only one room to live in.

London contains a quarter of a million working single women whose individual earnings do not average more than 25 cents a week.

The bicycle craze has begun to affect the donky redskins. It is reported that Little Black Bear, a Nez Perce Indian, traded thirty horses for a bicycle one day recently.

This country produces nine-tenths of all the peppermint consumed by the world, and of the American product two-thirds comes from Michigan, eight counties producing it.

The Ohio Ministerial Association which refused, from patriotic motives, to eat Spanish onions, did not know that Spanish onions are now commonly grown in the United States.

Kentucky is the foremost State in the production of hemp, and has been known to produce 35,000 tons a year. It produces nearly two-thirds of the American tobacco crop, growing in 1890 200,000 pounds.

New Hampshire has reason to be proud of her free public library system. Splendid work has been accomplished since 1892, and of the 223 cities and towns in the State there are now not more than 50 that have no free public library.

Experiments made with carrier pigeon in connection with various European armies show that the speed of the carrier in calm weather and for a short distance is about 1210 yards a minute. With a very strong wind in the direction of the flight a bird has reached 1760 yards a minute.

According to the latest statistics, the public debts of the European nations aggregate $23,230,000,000, or about $64 per capita for the whole population. The heaviest per capita indebtedness, $160, is in Portugal. France comes next with $135. England's rate is about $100. Switzerland's is the smallest, $6.

A saloon was established recently on the ice in the middle of the St. John river, between St. Leonard's, New Brunswick, and Van Buren, Me. The saloon keeper has been doing a big and demoralizing business among the Maine folk, and the earnest Prohibitionists on the American side of the river are talking of blowing up the ice with dynamite.

Another carload of redwood has just been shipped from California to Nuremberg, Germany, for use in making lead pencils. The cedar forests of Europe that formerly supplied wood for pencils have been practically exhausted, and experts sent to search for a substitute reported that the California redwood appeared to be the best available material.

It is stated that there were 2803 human beings killed by tigers, leopards, hyenas and panthers in India during the year 1894, and in the same year the same species of beasts, aided by snakes, killed 27,371 head of cattle. The number of human lives destroyed by snakes in India in 1894 was 21,568. The number of wild beasts killed in the same year was 13,447, and the number of snakes 107,210.

Only one characteristic distinguishes the little village of Strong, Me., from the thousands of others that are scattered all over New England. That is the peculiar industry which serves to support the entire community. Strong is famous for nothing but toothpicks, but it is known in the trade as the place from which come the majority of the toothpicks that are used in the United States.

HOW DARK.

BY W. W. LORD.

My lover sings a merry song,
Out yonder in the air;
The warbling notes come back to me,
And music echoes everywhere.

My lover's heart is fond and true,
It beats in tenderness for me;
But if my love should go away,
How dark the world would be.

ON POLYGAMY.

Among late interesting books is an English translation of a Turkish work, entitled "The Autobiography of Munshi Lutfallah, a Mahomedan Gentleman." The author is a Turk, widely traveled and well educated.

A London paper describes the following extracts from his work, embracing his notions of marriage, as "the strong convictions—expressed with a moderation which proves their earnestness—of a gentleman of most liberal and various accomplishments—a student of Shakspeare and Bacon, as well as of Sadi and Ferdusi—and an associate of English officers for many years."

At Kars, Lutfallah married a lady—a Turkish lady. In relation to his domestic infelicities with her, he says:

"I married a young lady whom I had known when in Kars, and whose destiny had brought her hither some time before my arrival. Man is naturally deluded by temptations, and in many cases he is not undeceived until he finds himself completely entangled in the net of trouble.

"In over-rating small evils we generally bring upon ourselves heavier ones. The dream of my happiness in the married state was but a short one, and I soon found myself more involved in domestic anxieties than before. When a bachelor, I thought for myself only, but now I had to think of another person too, whose fate had joined mine. The repletion of my purse likewise began to be changed for depletion; and to crown all these difficulties, to my great sorrow, I discovered my new companion to be of a very pettish and hypochondriacal temper, to which I had to submit in future.

"Such inconveniences can be easily obviated by our law in divorcing a wife, not only for crimes, but even if she is disagreeable. But who can have the heart to part with his faithful companion without serious cause? This bad practice prevails only among the lower classes of people."

With the Moslem rich, says Lutfullah, divorce is less common.

"A man of high station in life may marry four wives at once or gradually, and may have as many handmaids as he can suppport; then from among such a number he is sure to find one who gives him every satisfaction, and the rest may be maintained without being repudiated, each knowing that she has only herself to thank for a rival in her lord's affections, as she ought to have made herself so dear to him that he could not have desired a change.

"Here I drop the grand subject of monogamy and polygamy, controverted between the doctors of Mohamedanism and Christianity. There are many things to be said on both sides, but I will not enlarge my journal with these discussions. I side with my own law, though I have been a monogamist throughout all my life."

Lutfullah's contrast between the social arrangements of his own country and England, is curious.

"Seclusion of women from the society of men is considered a fault by the English, but a virtue by us, the true believers. The English leave their women to remain uncontrolled in life, and permit them to enjoy the society of men both in public and private. Poor creatures! naturally weak, how many of them fall victims to the brutal intrigues of men! How many families of high name have been ruined by this unreasonable license! In London alone, eighty thousand females are said to be registered in the black records.

"If you take an evening walk in one of the quarters of that greatest city of the world, called Regent street, you will find many ladies of exquisite beauty and high accomplishments, forsaken by their relatives and friends, in the practice and perhaps under the obligation of committing black deeds. Who is to blame for all this? I say, nothing else but the license established by the civilizers.

"I do not say that all Mohamedan ladies are virtuous. Virtue and vice are two sisters, the former fair and the latter black; and no nation has ever been and shall ever be uninfluenced by the two ladies. But limits and restraints prescribed by the Mohamedan law and usage in domestic affairs, I am bound to say, at all events prevent increase in vice and decrease in virtue. The time of the Mohamedan ladies being occupied in needlework, in the performance of their religious duties five times a day, in looking over their kitchens and other household affairs, they have no leisure to think of admirers.

"Their marriages are arranged by their parents, who are their best friends, and whose experience in worldly affairs must be greater than theirs. Opportunities are in general afforded to the bride to see her would be husband from a loop-hole or a window before she is married to him; and no matrimonial contract is considered binding unless the lawfully attested consent of both parties is first obtained and taken down by the law officer appointed by the Government to solemnize the marriage.

"Thus many bitter feuds and lasting animosities which poison the minds of contending rivals are avoided, and marriage unions are not only free from contamination, but from the dread of it.

"In short, seclusion secures women from those delusions and temptations which irritate the mind with fleeting joys, leaving behind the permanent sting of bitter remorse; while, never having tested the universal triumph and dominion which beauty gives in the circles of Europe, the pang of lost power is not added to the painful sensation of fading charms."

HUMAN JUDGMENT.—We ought not to judge of men as of a picture or statue—at the first or mere casual view. There is a mind and heart to be searched. The veil of modesty covers merit, and the mask of hypocrisy disguises malignity; and there are but few judges who can discern, and have a right to pass sentence. It is but by little and little that complete virtue and perfect vice come at last to show themselves.

Grains of Gold.

Every man has some favorite topic of conversation.

It is the sunshine itself which makes every shadow.

Let not the stream of your life always be a murmuring stream.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for another.

A noble heart, like the sun, showeth its greatest countenance at its lowest estate.

There is something higher than looking on all sides of a question. It is to have the charity to believe that there is another side.

The more sympathies we gain or awaken for what is beautiful, by so much deeper will be our sympathy for that which is most beautiful, the human soul.

The child taught to believe any occurrence a good or evil omen, or any day of the week lucky, hath a wide inroad made upon the soundness of his understanding.

Physical exercise and intellectual occupations contribute to give variety to life and promote longevity; though one should be careful not to indulge in excesses in either.

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; for they who aim at it and persevere will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

Femininities.

An old bachelor's definition of love—"Sighing, crying, some dying, and more lying!"

Chief Justice Fuller, of the United States Supreme Court, has married off five daughters in as many years.

Mrs. Langtry, who has become a public reciter, frequently receives as much as $500 for an evening's performance.

What is the difference between a ball and a very young widow?—One is a giddy whirl, the other is a giddy girl.

There is something radically wrong with the woman who has ceased to care whether or not her hat is on straight.

The Princess of Wales is a perfect figure skater, and before her marriage was one of the best skaters in Denmark.

Bee: Don't you call this ring Fred gave me a beauty? Ethel: Yes; but you ought to see the one he wanted to give me!

A girl who becomes engaged to a bashful man in leap year is looked upon with suspicion, as if she had been crowding things.

Judge Ewing, of Pittsburg, has decided that the law which makes a woman indictable as a common scold is a relic of barbarism.

Yeast: I never knew a tramp to work in my life. Crimsonbeak: Well, I have. You ought to see them work on my wife's sympathies.

The Empress of Austria walks twelve miles daily in the open air. A male attendant accompanies her, reading Homer aloud in Greek.

"The ladies! God bless 'em! Formerly our superiors—now our equals!" was a toast proposed in one of the Southern States recently.

He, sympathetically: You have a bad cold. She, huskily: I have. I am so hoarse that, if you attempted to kiss me, I couldn't even scream!

Portland, Me., is enjoying lively and highly interesting politics just now in a hot fight between two rival women candidates for a place on the School Board.

A nun, caught by the Lady Superior in the act of kissing a male visitor to the convent, said to the Abbess: May I not, then, kiss the man whose mother is my mother's mother in-law?

Critic: That villain in your story is a perfect masterpiece. Where did you get the character? Novelist: I imagined a man possessed of all the forms of wickedness my wife attributes to me when she is angry.

They say in Chicago that the red parasol, which was all the rage in that city last summer, is an officious freckle-preventer, "the actinic rays of the sun being intercepted in passing through the red medium!"

Mrs. Eugene Daniels, of Canaan, N. H., has a tame crow that is a curiosity. It is about 18 months old, and has been in captivity from the nest. It talks and seems to understand what is said to it, and is fond of music. It goes to church every Sunday, and waits outside till the services are through.

Lord William Beresford and "Lily, Duchess of Marlborough," recently gave a ball at Deepdene, their beautiful place in Surrey, for the household servants and the tradespeople of the neighborhood. The Duchess and Lord William danced with their guests, and the ball lasted until 5 o'clock in the morning.

A bazaar terror to those who are famous or noted is that they may, on their entrance, be seized by a bevy of beautiful maidens, who chain him with wreaths of roses or vegetables, and conduct him at once to a phonograph, into which he is begged to make a speech. Then he is dismissed, and the phonograph is worked for a succession of audiences, who each pay twenty cents for the treat.

Lord Kelvin has been making experiments to discover what the effect of a cannonade of quick-firing guns would be on board the vessel firing and the ship subject to the fire. He finds that after fifteen minutes' firing the survivors of the crews of both vessels would be reduced to a state of mental if not physical incapacity, owing to the concussion of the projectiles on the sides of the vessel and the noise of the guns.

In the vicinity of Rothesay, on the Clyde, there resides a lady, totally deaf and dumb, who, in point of intelligence, scholarship and skill in various way, far excels many who have all their faculties. Having been educated partly in Paris, she is a good French scholar, and her general composition is really wonderful. She has a shorthand system of her own, and when writing letters, etc., she uses a very peculiar machine, somewhat of the nature of a type writer.

In a tiny island called Minicoy, off the southern coast of India, a most peculiar state of society exists, for woman is lord of all she surveys, and it is man who knuckles under. The wife is the recognized head of the house. She owns it, and owns everything in it, while anything that her husband, who works very hard, can earn goes to increase her wealth. Her husband belongs to her, too, and when she marries him she gives him her name instead of taking his.

Masculinities.

Mr. Uhl, the new Ambassador to Germany, pronounces his name as if it were spelled "Yule."

A Nebraska man, whose wife has just recovered her speech after twenty-four years of silence, is kicking.

Shoemakers in New South Wales earn $9 80 a week; in New Zealand, $11 08; in Germany, $3; in Spain, $1 50.

A patient in the Kankakee, Ill., Asylum for the Insane is laboring under the delusion that he is a silk hat.

Man is at ten, a child; at twenty, wild; at thirty; tame, if ever; at forty, wise; at fifty, rich; at sixty, good, or never.

Hugh Carlisle, of Alabama, is the largest land owner in the south. He has 70,000 acres, and 1200 people pay him rent.

Robert Dixon, of New York, is the second person in that city who has become insane through worrying over the catholic ryx.

A Tennessee Senator was saved from a fatal wound by a folded newspaper in his breast pocket. Now is the time to subscribe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shade, of Kendallville, Ind., are the smallest people in the State. They are both under three feet in height.

An Indiana man would have been fatally shot through the heart if nature had not thoughtfully placed his heart on the right instead of the left side.

Lexington, Ky., has an old people's club, of which the youngest member is 80 years old. There are three members 90 years old, one 91, two 93 and two 94.

Tommy: Ma, when a fire goes out where does it go to? Tommy's Ma: How should I know? Why don't you ask where your father goes when he goes out?

Dr. Fioto, of San Francisco, who is 94 years old, is still in the active practice of his profession. He believes that he is the oldest practicing physician in the country.

M. Jacques Le Lorrain, poet, novelist, playwright and ex-professor, has opened a cobbler's stall or booth in the Rue du Sommerard, Paris, and proposes to mend the shoes of the students residing in the Latin Quarter.

John P. Whiting, aged 33 years, one of the youngest Mayors in the United States, has left Somerville, Mich., to attend college. He has entered the Ann Arbor law department; but will return once a week to try and perform his duties as Mayor.

The tallest man in Maine is W. H. Kelley, of Phillips. He is 6 feet 10 inches tall, and of symmetrical build, weighing more than 300 pounds. He rides a bicycle, which he had to have made expressly for his own use, because of the length of his legs. He is leader of the local cornet band.

Harvard still heads the list of rich colleges, with $8,000,000. Then come in their order Cornell, with $6,000,000; Columbia, with $5,500,000; Yale, with about $4,000,000; Johns Hopkins, with $3,000,000; Northwestern University, with $3,000,000; University of Pennsylvania with $2,750,000.

The diamonds in one symbol of the Shah's rank are said to weigh almost 25 pounds. There is also a jeweled saber, valued at $1,000,000. Another thing that the Shah prizes is a silver vase ornamented with 100 emeralds, whose equals, it is said, are not to be found in the world.

The most influential people in Europe are old. Queen Victoria is nearly 77, Lord Salisbury is 65, Prince Hohenlohe is 71, Count Galuchowsky, the new Austrian Chancellor, is 55; Prince Lobanoff, the Russian Chancellor, is 67; Sig. Crispi the Italian ex-Premier, is 77; the Pope and Mr. Gladstone are 86, and Prince Bismarck is 81.

There are but two European potentates who manage to get along without change of residence. These are the Pope of Rome and the Sultan of Turkey. The Sultan has never left Constantinople since he ascended the throne in such tragic circumstances 18 years ago, and his Holiness has remained within the precincts of the Vatican since the triple tiara was placed upon his head.

President Krueger, of the Transvaal Republic, has some queer notions of freedom. To a delegation who visited him not long ago and urged compulsory education, on the ground that it was the custom in other countries, he said: "Yes; education is compulsory in other countries, but so is military service. This is a republic, and people may keep their children in ignorance if they please."

Dickens once received an invitation to a "Walter Scott" party, each guest being expected to attend in the character of one or other of Scott's heroes. On the eventful night however, greatly to the astonishment of the assembled Rob Roys and Waverleys, Dickens turned up in ordinary evening dress, and apparently quite unconcerned. At length the host, who was feeling uneasy, came up to the novelist and inquired, "Pray, Mr. Dickens, what character of Scott's can you possibly be supposed to represent?" "Character!" said Dickens. "Why, sir, a character you will find in every one of Scott's novels. I," he went on smilingly, "am the 'gentle reader.'"

Latest Fashion Phases.

Waists are now just good excuses for putting into form the wildest flights of the dressmakers' imagination. Nothing seems to be too curious or impracticable to have a shaping influence on the waist designers.

The waists for spring and summer evening wear are nearly all made with queer sleeve styles. Loop shoulder effects are largely seen, and the general leaning toward oddity is tried for. One's last summer waists will have to be doctored, for the stiff full sleeves stamp them as belonging to another year than this.

A pretty little waist of pink India silk has sleeves that consist simply of four ruffles each, and come only to the elbow.

The flaring ripple cuff is a very popular sleeve finish for waists that are not to be worn under a jacket, but they and anything of the coat hue are sworn enemies.

With the first approach of spring comes a time when furs, long coats and heavy wraps are unbearably warm, and yet when going without any outer garment means pneumonia. At this season it is absolutely necessary to have an intermediate garment such as a jacket or cape of medium warmth, and, above all, of light weight. In making one's selection a great deal should depend upon one's temperament, warm-blooded people choosing some variety of cape and those more sensitive to cold purchasing a jacket. In the latter case it is wise to select a model susceptible of additions for cold days, in the way of vests or boas. One we suggest will be found admirable in this changeable weather. It is a very simple model on the blazer order, with graceful curved darts and small pockets. In addition, there is a handsome square sailor collar, at the lower edge of which a button and buttonhole close the blazer. Our model is of sorrel green broadcloth braided with black. On warm days it can be worn over a waist with a collar and chemisette or a shirt waist, but when the days are cold a wise woman will wear a vest of some thick, warm material, and in place of the collar and chemisette she will use a plastron and collar of velvet or silk, or will cover the linen collar with a warm silk muffler or a feather boa.

An especially attractive gown for the little maiden of the house is of Nile green cashmere, figured with darker green leaves.

The waist is provided with a foundation lining shaped by the usual seams, the closing being effected in the centre of the back by means of hooks and eyes. To this lining the velvet yoke, overlaid with Point de Genes lace, is applied.

The blouse portion is gathered to the edge of the yoke and is allowed to fall loosely in front, while in the back it fits the figure closely. A dainty Marie Antoinette fichu collarette extends from the yoke line, the right side lapping over slightly at the front and being tastefully carried over to the left side and caught down by a rosette. A ruffle of silk finishes the edge of the collarette. A standing collar completes the neck.

The dainty sleeves are so arranged over a plain foundation lining which is overlaid to show depth with velvet and lace to correspond with the yoke. The latter is surmounted by the quaint and graceful double puff which gives the final touch to this charming costume.

The skirt is circular in cut and is untrimmed, as are most of those designed for children's wear.

With the ornate style of growing, now the fashion, the coiffure has undergone a decided change. The meek little Psyche knot has been banished, and the hair is now worn in the elaborate fashion in vogue during the Louis XVI. period, the hairdresser copying the coiffures of the French Court from the portraits of Versailles, the Louvre, and elsewhere. The romantic hats, illustrative of his reign, much so much worn, necessitate fluffy hair dressing, and locks are waved, bunched out at the sides, and finished with a single curl falling low on the neck. Puffs, frisures and waved chignons are stylish. The elaborate coiffures of the Louis XVI. reign are especially adapted for balls, as many ornaments can be worn amid the soft puffs and curls; combs enameled and set with precious stones, jeweled hairpins, aigrettes sprinkled with diamond dust, pert little ribbon bows, a bunch of Prince of Wales feathers all are the fashion. The chignon is worn rather high, but individual taste must decide this, as the coiffure should suit the contour of the face; therefore no one style of wearing the hair would be becoming to all women. The bow-knot set on the top of the head is advantageous to many faces, as is also a group of fluffy finger puffs. In most instances the locks of wavy hair half conceal the ears, and are pulled out loosely beneath the chignon or coil. The smooth bands affected by some women are rarely becoming, and are trying to all but a pretty face.

A few models of spring wraps may serve as suggestions of things to come. Capes and jackets will both be worn, and the latter, cut with loose fronts and sack backs, seem destined to lead the style in coats. They are made in smooth-faced cloths and in velvet as well, when the yoke is usually trimmed with jet. The plaited back is much more graceful than the straight cut, and the yoke of the velvet coat is covered with colored silk passementerie, while black accordion-plaited chiffon forms the epaulets and full neck ruche.

Another coat of black cloth is slightly curved at the side seam to fit into the figure, and the fulness is arranged in two decided box plaits. The epaulets are of white satin, closely beaded with black. Capes are cut reasonably full and more sloping on the shoulder to hang gracefully over the drooping sleeves, and finished at the neck with a ruche of ribbon and chiffon, unless made of cloth, when they have a high standing collar. One model is carried out in black duchess satin, decorated with applique figures of colored passementerie, and has a V of black velvet down the back and front edged with a frill of black kilted chiffon.

Another cape is decidedly a summer garment, and is made of gauzy black grenadine over a black glace silk lining. Chine silk flowers are applied at intervals with opal colored beads and black paillettes, and the ruffle on the edge and ruche around the neck are double, of black chiffon over white. Tailor-made capes are in all the shades of fawn cloth, stitched around with white silk, and a stylish high collar is cut in squares around the edge, where it is faced with velvet.

Odds and Ends.

ON SEVERAL INTERESTING SUBJECTS.

Very pretty articles for presents can be made out of Easter eggs. In the northern counties of England the reciprocal giving of Easter eggs is a general custom and expressive of good will, and every one vies with the other to produce the prettiest. Get scraps of ribbon of all sorts, old and new—dark, bright colors are best. Wrap them round and round the eggs, and sew them up tight. Boil the eggs as many hours as you like, with or without a little alum added in the water. Take them out, and unroll them. Most of them will be dyed like the ribbons. They do not all succeed. Take an old strawberry basket and sew it all over thickly with moss, like a bird's nest. Or make a cardboard basket, and cover it with moss. Put three or more eggs of different colors in the nest. This is a pretty present; but single colored eggs can be given.

An Easter egg forms a still prettier gift if you scratch on it landscapes, or comic figures, or kindly mottoes, executed neatly with a sharp penknife. We have seen many of these scratched eggs made beautiful works of art. Choose a brown, crimson or violet egg for this purpose, or at least one dark in color, as the device appears in white. Another way of making Easter eggs is to boil them very hard; cut each in half; remove the meat. Gum on a piece of silk, satin, or ribbon, with the top drawn up previously like a bag, with a frill and strings, and put a strip of prettily embossed gold paper over the join of the silk and the egg. Fill the egg bag with sweetmeats or any little presents you wish to make—such as a ring or a thimble, laid at the top of sugar plums. Eggs dyed may be cut in half, and then scratched prettily; the meat afterwards removed, and a bag added.

Or boil and cut off three-quarters of the egg in the way described; paint over the shell with white of egg. When that is dry, draw a garland, or device, motto surrounded with flowers, using water-colors and a fine camel-hair or sable brush. If all the colors are well mixed with flake-white before using them, the effect will be superior. A very little gum should also be added in the mixing. Have a silk or satin bag ready to gum on when the drawing on the egg is quite dry. Those who are not skilled in drawing can ornament Easter eggs by means of garlands and small scraps of prints for decalcomanie.

Eggs may also be hard-boiled in dye, instead of with pieces of ribbon, only the ribbon brings out each egg a different color, and by dyeing them the batch would be all alike. Of course only one colored ribbon is used to one egg; although a ribbon in itself variegated often produces a beautiful egg, two colored ribbons wrapped round an egg would be likely to create a confusion of color.

Another way of making an Easter egg is to boil one very hard. Cut it in half lengthways; bind the edge of each half with gold paper; gum a ribbon across the hollow of each, leaving ends at both sides. Now two ends together, in a bow, to make a hinge; fill the egg with sweetmeats, or some little gift, and, having closed it, tie the ribbon-ends.

Marmalade Cakes.—Mix together a quarter of a peck of flour, with half a pound of refined sugar dissolved in ten spoonfuls of water, half a pint of yeast, a pound of currants, two ounces of candied lemon-peel, cut in thin slices, half an ounce each of cinnamon and mace grated, a quart of milk, ten eggs beaten up, and about a pound of orange marmalade. Bake the cakes at a moderate temperature, and ice with loaf sugar and white eggs.

Banbury Cakes.—Take three pounds of currants, a pound of butter, four ounces of loaf-sugar, a quarter of an ounce of mace, with the same quantity of cloves, and half a peck of flour. Then make it into a paste with boiled milk, and three quarters of a pint of ale yeast. Place the dough near the fire to rise; knead it well before it is made into cakes.

To make a Hedge-hog in Confectionery.—Heat up about two pounds of blanched almonds with a little water and sherry into a stiff paste; then pound up with it a pint of cream, twelve raw eggs, and enough loaf-sugar to sweeten it. Put the paste in a pan over the fire, and mix with it half a pound of butter, which must be continually stirred into it. When the paste has become sufficiently stiff by boiling, make it into the shape of a hedge-hog. Imitate the bristles by means of blanched almonds slit, and place the hedge-hog in a dish. Then boil some cream with sugar, and the yolks of a few eggs, and when ready pour into the dish round the hedge-hog. Let the dish get cold, and send it to table.

Jamelloes.—Mix a pound of powdered loaf-sugar, and a quarter of an ounce of ground caraway seeds, with four eggs, and a small quantity of tragacanth dissolved in a sufficient quantity of water to make them into a paste a little softer than butter. Pass the paste through a butter-squirt, so that it may be poured into pipes the thickness of a straw, and dry them on paper. Then boil them in syrup.

Barley Sugar.—Prepare some strong syrup, and boil it as much as possible without allowing it to change color. Then strain into a strong decoction of barley. Remove the syrup from the fire, and allow it to settle; then pour it out on a marble slab previously well oiled. When the barley sugar is cold, cut it in pieces, and roll it into sticks of the proper shape.

Lemon Drops.—Pour some lemon-juice on some finely powdered loaf-sugar, and boil to the consistence of thick syrup. Drop this on plates, and put them in a warm place to dry. They are then to be taken off the plates, and preserved in well-stopped vessels. If preferred, some of the lemon-peel may be cut small and then added to the syrup.

Another Way to make Lemon Drops.—Pour four ounces of lemon-juice over a pound of loaf-sugar, and also the same quantity of rose-water. Boil them into syrup, and then add some grated lemon-peel, and mix them well together. Then proceed as previously directed.

Sugared Aniseeds.—Dry some aniseeds in a preserving-pan, and then cover them with syrup in the manner directed for smooth almonds.

To Ice Pastry.—Mix a pound of loaf sugar very finely powdered with the whites of two eggs and four spoonfuls of water. Continue to stir them until the icing is used. To use this liquid, apply it to the surface of the pastry with a feather when the articles are nearly cold, and then place them in a cool oven to harden.

Rich Cheesecakes.—Beat up half a pound of butter, add to it three raw eggs, and half a pound of powdered loaf sugar. Mix with them four ounces of ground rice, and some grated orange peel.

Rhubarb and Lemon Jam.—Boil in a preserving pan a pound of lump sugar, a pound and a quarter of peeled rhubarb, and the peel of one lemon cut as small as possible, until the materials are converted into jam.

Lemon Dumplings.—Mince four ounces of suet, and mix with the same quantity of moist sugar, half a pound of bread crumbs, and lb juice and peel of a lemon cut small. Put them into teacups, and boil them for three-quarters of an hour.

Lemon Cheesecakes.—Simmer together in a saucepan a pound of loaf-sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, four eggs, the juice of two lemons, and the rind of the lemons cut very small. When the materials have become of the consistence of honey, pour into a jar and preserve for future use.

Lemon and Suet Puddings.—Take some suet and cut it small, currants, sugar, grated lemon-peel, ground ginger, eggs, and bread-crumbs; mix them into a paste, roll them into balls, tie up in a buttered cloth, and boil them for twenty minutes.

A SEARCH FOR RELICS OF ADAM AND EVE.—It has long been generally agreed that Cashmere was, in all probability, the site of the Garden of Eden; and, indeed, if ever there was a spot which seemed to have been specially created and clothed with marvellous richness of foliage, of climate, and of diverse species of birds and beasts, with its verdant valleys and luxurious plains, framed by an encircling range of snowy mountain-peaks, it is the wonderful Vale of Cashmere.

Dr. W. L. Abbott, a wealthy and enthusiastic traveler and explorer, has been making investigations and excavations in the neighborhood, which have been attended with extraordinary success.

The collections which he has formed include ancient written documents that are said to antedate the dawn of history, translations of which, coming as they do from this spot where the race originated, may yield startling information.

Besides this, there are prehistoric ornaments, amulets, weapons, queer vessels the use of which is involved in mystery and uncertainty, masks of weird and striking oddity, and religious instruments used to day as part of a superstition that was hoary with age before Christianity was born.

But most important of all are the specimens of natural history. There is nothing ancient about these, since they have come from birds and animals which Dr. Abbott himself killed.

Among them are some species that are entirely new to science. Thus there are specimens both of cats and rats quite unlike anything hitherto known.

The cat, for example, is much larger than any cat hitherto known. Its legs are very thin and its body very long. The latter, as is shown by the skin which accompanies the specimens, is of a whitish tint flecked with brown spots, except the head, which is striped.

But even more curious and interesting than the natural history specimens are those relating to the people of this strange land.

Among the most valuable of these is a sacred book or Bible, consisting simply of two narrow boards, between which are laid about one hundred narrow, loose leaves.

On these leaves are inscribed mysterious records of a religion about which nothing is known. The boards are about two feet long and six inches wide, and the strange "book" of primitive shape makes a bulky volume.

Other curiosities of a religious nature are prayer-wheels and curiously-carved grayish stones, which are found on the table-lands in heaps. The prayer-wheels are intended to carry the prayers round and round—being sometimes driven by water, at other times by the wind—and each revolution is supposed to register a prayer.

Among the other curiosities may be mentioned a tiny buckle clasp of wrought brass—a relic of a period of the world before history began. Another odd thing is a prehistoric pair of stockings, made without any heel, and running straight from top to toe.

It is as yet rather early to speculate on the theories and deductions that may be made from this "find," but there can be little doubt that Dr. Abbott's investigations are likely to prove of the highest importance.

TUNNS is something wild and weird in the sound of the loud winds that whistle around our dwellings in the night time at the present season. They are mournful, and they bear on their swift wings the memories of other days. They remind us of faces that have vanished for ever from our view, and of firesides where the ashes are cold now. They appeal to us for charity—for we know that they come past the widow without fuel, and poor and orphan children with scanty clothing and scanty fare. Let us listen to the mournful winter winds, and, while they make us sad, be taught by them to do what lies in our power to make other hearts more cheerful.

COLLECTIONS IN ODD FORMS.

THAT the human animal is a collecting animal like the caddis is now an accepted axiom, but many quaint forms that the collecting impulse takes are not so well known. Foreign stamps and china are things of every day, but there is a little more variety when we arrive at shoes.

The Marquis de Trevisac has a very fine collection of shoes and boots of all nations and ages.

The steel boots of our ancestors may be compared with the latest Parisian effort in high heels. There are a pair of high buff boots which belonged to Cromwell, and a pair of smart shoes which were worn by Robespierre.

Even more interesting are the shoes which were worn by Henri III. when he was stabbed by Jacques Clement. The Marquis has spared no expense whatever to add to his collection, and it is very complete.

Prince Radziwill has a fancy for accumulating railway tickets. He does not classify them, or stick them in albums, or even arrange them in devices, but he carries a small collection of some twenty or thirty about with him, which he adds to when it begins to feel the effects of time.

The Duke of Norfolk has a fancy for accumulating land. Though he has huge estates of his own, and huge demands on his revenues, he is always adding bits to his estates, and quite recently has made several large purchases of a considerable number of acres apiece.

The Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia has a very fine collection of umbrellas. Here are represented all the shades and grades of the umbrella in Europe. Japan and China have also contributed numerous graceful specimens.

A large number of the most curious items come from the West Coast of Africa, which take the form of state-umbrellas of savage kings, umbrellas and umbrella-hats of witch-doctors (which are often ornamented with human bones and teeth), and war umbrellas, which are practically tribal standards.

This collection was very costly to accumulate, but the great mass of the contents is worth little or nothing, unless some museum should offer a fancy for some of the odder articles.

Prince Blucher von Wahlstadt, a Prussian Silesian magnate of great importance, is interested in traps, and possesses a collection of these useful articles, which is probably unequalled and likely to remain so.

Every kind of trap is represented in this curious museum. Man traps, lion traps, traps for vermin, beetle traps, models of the traps which men set for tigers, and others.

Mouse traps are there in plenty, including a walking one, which is self-cleaning. These items have all cost money—some a good deal; but if the Prince were ever to wish to dispose of them, it is to be feared that the sale would be attended not by art collectors, but only by venders of marine stores.

The Marquis of Clanricarde has a curious collection of threatening letters which he has received at different times from his Irish tenants.

Some of them are ornamented with rudely drawn representations of a skull and crossbones, or a coffin, and many of them are signed by that unpleasant abstraction "Captain Moonlight."

Mr. Justice North beguiles his leisure when not engaged on the Bench by the pursuit of the science of entomology.

Butterflies, moths, and beetles are all game to him if they come into his net, and he has a very fine collection of dried, pinned, glazed, and camphored specimens.

He is especially rich in beetles, with every variety of horn, leg, wing, and scale that beetle-fashions can produce.

Princess Maud of Wales collects ivory—that is to say, articles and knick-knacks of every kind made of elephants' tusks. Among other curiosities she possesses several complete elephants' tusks, two huge hippopotamus' tusks, which were sent her by the Mudir of Dongola, several curious specimens of carved ivory of Indian workmanship, and some fine "bits" of English carving.

The Duke de Nemours has a curious collection of buttons of every sort and kind, from the common bone or composition to the mother-of-pearl, and those big expensive buttons with which ladies love to adorn their raiment.

This collection is arranged on the walls of a small shooting lodge of the Duke's, and is the only form of decoration. The effect is very quaint and surprising. The collection cost a good deal, and the work of arranging more, but the whole is practically worthless.

Sir Francis Grenfell, during the period when he acted as Sirdar in Egypt, had an unrivaled opportunity for collecting Egyptian curios and antiquities, which he used very thoroughly.

His museum is especially rich in charms, amulets, scarabei, and other mystic heathen devices, which were all held in high reverence in bygone times.

Not the least treasured of these curiosities is a necklace of quaint design, consisting of three rows of charms and pendants, which was presented to Lady Grenfell on her marriage by the late Khedive Tewfik. Of course the collection also includes a goodly show of war trophies.

A certain journalist of note has during the last ten years made a careful selection of the notices which have from time to time appeared in the press with regard to some hundreds of our leading men.

Anecdotes, biographical notices, portraits, speeches, reports of law cases, descriptions of country seats, pedigrees, historical notices, and accounts of sales, purchases, or mortgages, all appear in this scrap collection. Several ladies of prominence appear in the list; but it is not the least curious portion of the whole that there are no authors, journalists, artists, or actors included.

This collection will one day be a gossip-chronicle of its time, and ought to possess considerable interest to posterity. Every cutting has cost money. At the present moment, however, this collection is probably worth nothing from a pecuniary point of view.

Mr. W. H. Grenfell has a curious nautical collection, which is stored at Taplow Court. It consists of numerous cups and trophies, including that presented to him in the year when he won the amateur championship of England in punting, numerous oars inscribed and emblazoned with arms, names, and records, which are the result of the custom which prevails at Oxford of presenting men who have rowed successfully in the University or College eights or fours with the actual oars which they wielded on the occasion; and a whole gallery of photographs of crews and craft, including a complete set of the crews which have at different times gone through their training in the Taplow reach as Mr. Grenfell's guests.

The Earl of Lonsdale has a collection of whips of all kinds. There are coaching whips, dog whips, light riding switches, and riding whips with handles of rhinoceros horn, great Australian stock whips, and a Russian knout. Many of these whips have cost large sums—some even as much as a hundred dollars.

The Princess of Monaco has a very interesting collection of musical instruments of all ages. The stringed instruments are especially well represented, and include—in addition to a violin of Stradnarius, mandoline, harps, spinets, harpsichords, and other less known instruments—a selection from uncivilization. A curious one-stringed mandolin, about a foot long, from West Africa, is one of the most singular items.

The oddest fancy, however, that ever attracted the human passion of acquisitiveness is that for collecting the great carved wooden figures of Scotsmen which stand outside a tobacconist's shop.

These articles are by no means so numerous as they were, and if they are well carved, they cost a good deal. Besides, they act so excellently well as a sign, that the owner is usually unwilling to part with them except for an absolutely fancy price.

The gratification of this hobby is therefore an exceedingly expensive and difficult operation. For all that the collector is not daunted, and his collection boasts already quite a dozen of these singular figures.

BATHING.—Strong as is the American's love of his bath, it is out of it that you meet with the queerest bathing. Most of us are familiar with such establishments as the baths at Leukerbad, where patients often spend half the day in the water, dining and lunching without interruption to their occupation.

The writer has seen Frenchmen jotting down letters in this bath, small tables, properly fitted, being pushed along the top of the water for the purpose.

If you desire coffee or wine during your dip you never think of coming out of the water for it. Attendants—chiefly ladies—oblige you with a floating tray, and your refreshment is sent upon its voyage, and is rarely shipwrecked.

This class of bath, however, is too well known to need comment. It is when you get farther East in Europe that the fun begins. Some of the sulphur baths in Hungary and Bosnia are sights worth going far to see.

At one place, Ilidze, near Serajevo, those who thirst for sulphur are shown into small cells just like the cells of a prison. Light streams in faintly from a small skylight, but the bath is not to be discovered until the bather's eyes are accustomed to the semi-darkness and he has been in the place some minutes.

Then he becomes aware that there is, in one corner of his cell, a small flight of steps leading to a rough-hewn basin in the very bowels of the earth, so to speak.

The sulphurous water gushes up in this basin, and the odor of it is not to be described. Yet people travel hundreds of miles to enjoy it, and the doctors rave about its medical qualities.

Elsewhere in Hungary, especially if you be off the beaten track, the demand for a bath excites the hotel-keeper like a fire. It is possible that if he had many such demands in the course of a year, he would lose his reason. As it is, the traveler who asks for such a luxury is regarded with suspicion.

The bath itself is unearthed after a long search, a white sheet is spread in it, and a little water is poured into the centre of the sheet. Then with many flourishes, a procession is formed, headed by the landlord, and composed of waiters, chambermaids, cooks, and ostlers, who come to tell the strange gentleman that the bath is prepared.

Filthy as Russia is, the filthiest houses in the country are those reserved for the public baths. Gloomy buildings always, few are the Englishmen who could submit to the atmosphere of them for a few minutes. But the Russians revels in them. Taking his ease upon a bench, he watches the whole room filled with a steamy vapor, and in this steam he stews until he feels he has had full value for his money; an attendant then throws a few buckets of cold water over him, and he goes his way a happy, but, it must be admitted, still a dirty man.

GIRLS TAUGHT TOO MUCH.—A London cable letter says a new and distinguished enemy of the higher education of woman has risen up, and, with a degree of courage which cannot fail to command admiration, enters a protest which will bring down a terrible storm of obloquy.

He is Sir James Crichton-Browne, the famous physician, who discusses in the current number of the Englishwoman the question, "Should Women Be Educated?" The article is a closely-reasoned attack on the high school training of girls.

At the outset he shows the constitutional differences between men and women are immense and far-reaching, extending from the cuticular appendages to the marrow of the bones, and from the crown of the head (for, according to Broca, the female cranium is less elevated than that of the male) to the sole of the foot (for, according to Delaunay, woman has a plantar arch flatter than that of man, which, perhaps, accounts for her partiality for high-heeled boots).

The eulogists of girls' high schools "would have us believe that these institutions have led forth a great host of girls from the wilderness of ignorance and ineptitude into a land flowing with wit and learning, but that is sheer nonsense.

"What they have done is to conduct them from the unkempt meadows of natural growth into the trim gardens of artificial culture. Excellent are orchids and camellias in their way, but do not let us forget the buttercups and daisies.

"Two years ago I met in a country high school a girl who was reading Lucretius for her recreation, but she failed lamentably in the task I prescribed for her—boiling a potato.

"Now I am sure much more of the happiness and wholesomeness of life hinges on boiling potatoes than on the interpretation of Lucretius and his dark and doubtful sayings."

Overeducation has even developed a special malady among girls, a gastric disorder which is now so common that Sir James thinks it might receive the name of anorexia scholastica. This includes headaches.

Now, a headachy girl is not unlikely to grow into a migrainous and invalid woman. A voluminous mental state may develop into epilepsy. Somnambulism may lead to hysteria.

Insomnia may lay the foundation of insanity, and anæmia at the growth period may entail lifelong debility. This and much more this well-known physician writes in warning of the higher education of woman.

But in fairness to him it may be well to point out that it is English girls, not American girls, whose incapacity for severe brain training he discusses.

WHY THEY FORSAKE THEIR HOUSES.—To forsake the comforts of one's house, and to dwell for the period of a week in a temporary structure erected in the back-yard or garden, seems a very strange thing to do.

Yet this act of abnegation is enjoined upon all Jews, in memory of the fact that their forefathers in the wilderness had to live in temporary huts, such as could be easily taken to pieces and put up again, and its observance often proves a cause of great astonishment to many a carpenter who is engaged to assist in the work of construction, as well as that of demolition a week later.

This will explain why in the autumn, at the time of the Feast of Tabernacles, there can be seen in the streets of London large quantities of branches thick with leaves being delivered by carts and barrows, in the poor as well as the rich Jewish quarters of the town.

This stuff is used to form the roofing of these substantial dwellings; for, in order that they resemble the huts of the ancient forefathers, it is necessary that the stars can be seen through the roof. This, of course, on a cloudy night is not always possible, and when it rains matters are not quite so pleasant.

Those, however, who can afford it have a large roll of oilcloth, which can be made to cover the roof for the time being; but those too poor to provide for this contingency, and who have probably erected the huts themselves out of old boards and shutters, find matters more awkward.

They have to clear all the furniture—usually only a table and a few chairs—out of the hut into the house, where they take shelter till the rain is over.

The branches and leaves forming the roof are then vigorously shaken to make them as dry as possible, the water on the floor is mopped up, the hut is refurnished, and once again it is used as a "dwelling."

The only time at which the Jews are supposed to leave the hut is when they go into the house at night to sleep, though many of the very orthodox make arrangements that at least one or two of the family shall sleep therein.

The period of this feast is at the time of the ingathering of the fruit in the Holy land, and it is customary on this account to decorate the hut with different kinds of fruit, hanging from the roof.

The Jewish ministers in London are very fortunate in this respect. Many of them receive from Lord Rothschild a present of a basket of very fine fruit direct from his estate.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.—Grass hats are common in China and the South Sea Islands.

The conical cap worn at the time of Alexander the Great is still to be seen in Persia.

Taking off the hat or cap as a sign of reverence or respect was common in the time of Cæsar.

A Turkish turban of the largest size contains from ten to twenty yards of the finest and softest muslin.

A green turban throughout all Islam is a sign that the wearer is a descendant of the Prophet. Many persons who have the right to this mark of honor are now in low life.

The Spanish broad-brimmed hat has not changed either in style or material for over three hundred years.

A cap of the style known as the "liberty cap" was worn from the earliest times among both Greeks and Romans.

Some specimens of mediæval helmets at least eleven pounds in weight are preserved in the European museums.

The cap of a Chinese mandarin has a button at the top, which by its color and material indicates the rank of the wearer.

For four hundred years after the tenth century the use of hoods on both cloaks and gowns was universal throughout Europe.

In the fifteenth century plumed hats with wide brims became fashionable all over Europe.

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Humorous.

HIS INTENTIONS.

Charming Mabel doesn't please me
In her bloomers on that wheel,
And the sight makes poignant sadness
Through my manly bosom steal.

Still, she's Mabel, and I love her,
So I bear her trying ways;
But just wait till we are married—
Then I'll boss that bloomer craze.

—C. R.

A woman's will—Won't!

A thing of the past—Yesterday.

Get into hot water—Boiled eggs.

The photographer takes things as they come.

Making both ends meat—Roasting a pig's head and tail.

The hunchback wouldn't object to being in straitened circumstances.

We suppose that a man who never speaks may be said always to keep his word.

The captain of a vessel is not governed by his mate, but a married man generally is.

A grocer advertises in the following manner: "Hams and cigars, smoked and unsmoked."

The lady who caught cold by drinking water from a damp tumbler, is convalescing.

A reporter in describing the funeral of a prominent citizen wrote: "The corpse rested quietly in the casket."

A rash young man has threatened to apply the Maine liquor law to his sweetheart, she inoculates him so!

If a man who makes a deposition is a depositor, does it necessarily follow that the man who makes an allegation is an alligator?

An intelligent farmer, being asked if the horses were well matched, replied, "Yes, they are matched first-rate; one of them is willing to do all the work, and the other is willing he should.

He: But why do you insist that our daughter should marry a man whom she does not like? You married for love, didn't you?

She: Yes; but that is no reason why I should let our daughter make the same blunder.

Fond mother, screaming: Why, Bridget, you've allowed baby to swallow that pin!

Bridget: Yis, yis, mum; but shure it was a safety one!

Tommy: Auntie, do you purr when are awake?

Maiden aunt: Good gracious, what do you mean?

Tommy: Well, mamma told papa you were a perfect old cat—that's all."

She, sadly: Well, if we must part, let us part friends. Good-bye! And may all that's good go with you!

He, decidedly: If all that's good went with me, you would not remain here.

Then she smiled and laid her head upon his shoulder; and he remained.

"Somebody," she faltered, "may come between us."

His breast heaved.

"Who ever would do such a thing," he fiercely exclaimed, "would be contemptibly small."

And with that he moved even yet nearer to her.

Missionary, out West: Did you ever forgive an enemy?

Bad man: Wunst.

Missionary: I am glad to hear that. What moved your lofty soul to prefer peace to strife?

Bad man: I didn't have no gun.

"What are you driving at now?" asked Jack of a friend, the other day, whom he met.

"Well, I have just completed a hard four years' job," said he.

"What is that?"

"Why, I got married yesterday. I've worked hard for it for four years, Jack.

Hints for young sportsmen—When you discover an owl on a tree, and find that it is looking at you, all you have to do is to move quickly round the tree several times, when the owl in the meantime, whose attention will be firmly fixed, forgetting the necessity of turning its body with its head, will follow your motions with its eyes till it wrings its head off.

Irate patron: You advertise to cure consumption, don't you?

Doctor: Yes, sir; I never fail when my instructions are followed.

Irate patron: My son took your medicine for a year, and died an hour after the last dose.

Doctor: My instructions were not followed. I told him to take it two years.

Smithers saw the following advertisement in a newspaper:

"Send one dollar, and we will inform you how you can make ten dollars a day."

He sent his dollar, and this was the information he received in return for his money:

"Insert an advertisement like ours in the newspaper, and get ten fools like yourself to answer it."

ALL MEAN THE SAME.—When a new thing is introduced into commerce and ordinary use, a new word has to be found for it, or an old one borrowed. The resources of most modern languages are equal to the demand, though some of the very conservative languages, which are jealous of innovations, have a hard time in meeting it.

In the French language, the word for "bicycle" has had a hard time in becoming established. It was variously called a "velocifere," and "velocifere," a "bicycle," and a "bicyclette"—the last word being commonly applied to the machine which we call a safety bicycle.

But the word "velo," a contraction of one of the others, has come into very common use, and threatens to supplant the others. It is used much as English-speaking bicyclists use the word "wheel." The French also have a word of unknown etymology, "became," which they apply to the bicycle.

The Germans, when the bicycle came into use, set about making a name for it which should be purely German. They called it a "Fahrrad," or traveling wheel; and this word they have since abbreviated into "Rad," or simply "wheel."

The Italians and Spaniards followed much the same path that the French did, and divide their loyalty between "velocifero" and "bicicletta" or "bicicleta."

Even the Chinese must have a name for the wheel. They employ their usual figurative style of speech, and call it a "gaugma," or "foreign horse," or "foi chai," flying machine.

The Flemings, or Belgian people of Teutonic speech, who are zealously purifying their language of foreign terms, have had the utmost difficulty in settling upon a word for this machine.

Some called it a "snelwiel," some a "rostwiel," some a "trapwiel," but the scholars among them insisted that it should be called by a word of pure Flemish origin, which really described it. This word is as follows:

"Gewielsneirijroostreppeundneushrekergeist."

In spite of their loyalty to their native speech, it is noticed that even the most conservative Flemish wheelmen never use this word when riding over a rough road.

VERY, VERY COLD.—The coldest inhabited spot on earth is the little town of Werchojansk, in Siberia, which is situated 67° 34' north latitude, 133° 5' east longitude. The lowest temperature observed there is 94° F.

The terrible cold which prevails in Eastern Siberia is fortunately, not accompanied by wind, otherwise no human being could exist there. The lowness of temperature is due to the fact that that region is not influenced by oceanic depressions, and a very high atmospheric pressure, with calm, clear weather and a dry atmosphere prevails. In this way the warm air currents are aided in their escape, while the high mountain ranges in the south and east tend to imprison the masses of cold air.

Very remarkable reports on the effect of the cold upon the living organism in Siberia have been published. If the temperature sinks to 40° F. every breath that is drawn causes pain in the chest and lungs. Old tree-trunks burst with the frost; rocks are shattered with a noise like thunder; and deep chasms form in the ground.

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
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No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to nape, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 25, '93. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

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Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 8.55, 7.35, 10.05, 11.00 a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 3.15, 5.12, 8.10 (dining car), 11.40 p m. Sunday 3.55, 8 m, 12.14, (dining car), 4.10, 6.12, 8.10, (dining car), 11.40 p m.

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For Reading—Express, 6.35, 10.05 a m, 12.05, 4.05, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.35, 7.45, 9 m, 1.05, 4.35, 5.55, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.05, 8.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.00 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 6.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.35 a m, 1.05, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.05, 7.20 a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 6.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.35, 7.45 a m, 1.05 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.05, 8.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 6.00 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 6.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 8.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.35 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.05 a m.

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Leave Chestnut street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express, 9.00, 8 m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 5.00 a m, 4.00 p m.

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